THE CANADA WEST

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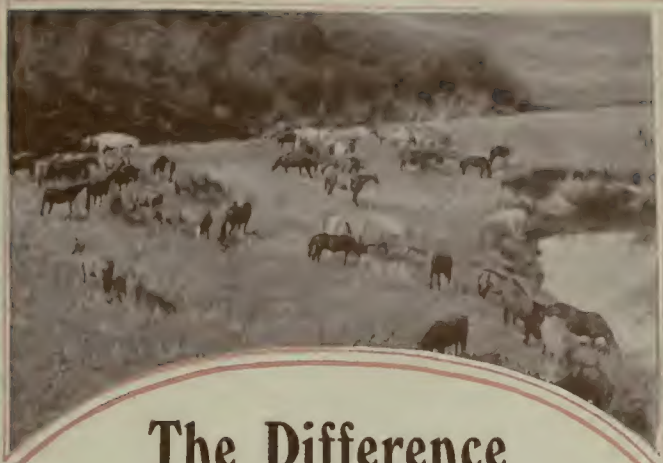

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The Furnace—See Page 458

THE
CANADA WEST

Bartlett on "Nature Fakers"

By Cy Warman

MR. George W. Bartlett, superintendent of Algonquin National Park, reigning lord, during good behavior, of 2,000 square miles of wilderness, had just finished reading in a June magazine, "Roosevelt on the Nature Fakers."

As I had placed the book in his hands for the purpose of baiting him, I waited now to see how he would take it. He lighted his cigar, puffed twice, then spoke.

"All my life I have lived in the wilderness and the longer I live here, the less I am inclined to discredit any statement made by an eye-witness as to the doings of the wild habitants of the woods.

"I am the father of ten children and I would not hesitate to let them read any and all of the animal stories written by Long, Seton, Roberts, and even the brutal realism of Jack London. Of course, my children are differently situated from most children. They see for themselves. I know they will select what is true, or what they believe to be true, and pass over the fiction. I find myself constantly unlearning, so to speak, and learning things over again. For example, only last year, we discovered a new species of woodpecker. The professors and scientific men recognized the bird at once, but when told that it came from Algonquin Park, they said, 'It can't be so, for this bird does not occur in that locality.' Yet there was the bird in hand.

"Long ago someone asked somebody else what became of the horns shed by the thousands of deer in the Ontario woods, and the wise one, having no other answer, said, 'They bury them.

"One spring day, a gentleman who was here from Washington was walking with me in the woods and we found a fine set of horns. We marked them

and the spot where they lay. In the fall I went out to that place and this is all that remained."

As he spoke he took up a ten-inch section of a main stem, one end of which bore tooth marks precisely like the marks made by a beaver on the cut end of a log. The squirrels eat the horns.

"What," I asked "do you think of the absurd story Roberts tells of a lynx let out of a bag, flying in the face of the wolves that had surrounded his captor?"

"Not much, only it is not absurd. A scared, tortured or maddened lynx, in this case would be just as likely to attack the wolves as the man, and more so because coming out of the bag he would in all probability be headed that way. Moreover, a lynx will fight.

"A wolf has been known to leap from his lair and join two dogs who were chasing an antelope. When they had overtaken the antelope, a man following, rode up and beat them off. The wolf showed fight, then sat down and called another wolf and together they rushed for the antelope they had helped to kill and it was not until a horse herder rode to the rescue that the wolves gave up."

"Would a pine marten be safe circulating among a lot of lynx who were feasting on a freshly killed caribou?"

"Perfectly. I question very much whether a lynx would eat pine marten at all, certainly not when he could get caribou."

"Is there anything in the look or cry of a lynx to make a man uncomfortable?"

"The cry of a lynx in a lonely swamp at night is the most blood-chilling sound, I think, that ever smote the ear of man."

"Do you believe a lynx ever shadows a man for half an afternoon?"

"I know that one followed me for the whole of an afternoon. It was in 1892. I was shooting partridge in a large, almost open space, when, shortly after noon I saw a big lynx crouching and slipping along in the edge of the woods that surrounded this open space. I saw the beast so often that it bothered me. It spoiled my shooting. I tried to get a shot at the lynx but it was always too far for the light charge. I circled the entire open field and always, out there in the edge of the green wood, I could see the lynx—not continually of course, but at short intervals. Finally, as the sun sank behind the forest and the shadows of the trees fell across the little open space, I felt *decidedly* uncomfortable.

"By this time Mr. Lynx was becoming less afraid and now, leaving off partridge shooting, I watched my chance and as he crept across a little avenue in the underbrush, I gave him the contents of one barrel. I saw he was badly hit and rushed at him and finished him with the other barrel.

"Now, when I tell you (and Mrs. Bartlett will verify this) that when I took the two front feet of this beast in my hands, pulling a paw over either shoulder, his long body dangling down my back, his hind feet touched the ground, you will understand that he was no toy lynx, for I stand 6 feet two and a half inches without shoes."

"What about Mr. Long's wolf killing the caribou calf with a single bite in the breast?"

"Not only possible but quite probable. A wolf following a leaping long-legged calf could very easily snap and crush his breast and kill him at a single stroke. I would not say he could do this with the caribou bull, but I would not say it was impossible. See how very small the mouth of that mink is, yet he can strike, and kill at one blow a Plymouth Rock rooster whose head towers two feet above the ground, biting him, always, through the back of the head. I would also say that it would be perfectly natural for a wolf, having given a caribou a death wound, to sit down and wait for the caribou to fall. These wolves are wise. They are the greatest source of danger here, for they destroy the deer. We have watched them, and almost invariably but one wolf does the murder. If the deer attempted to cross one of the numerous lakes there would be two

outriders, one on either side, with a third wolf following the doomed deer. If the deer turns on his pursuer the two flanking wolves sit down and wait. Having driven the pursuing wolf back down the blood-stained trail, the deer turns and makes another effort to escape. Now the two wolves gallop alongside. The wolf, who has been chosen to do the deed, does not rush at once in pursuit. He lets the deer get a good start and then, with a dozen long leaps, he has him, not by the throat or flank, but (especially if the snow be deep) by the ham. When at last the beaten deer falls, the others rush in and they all feast together."

"Will an animal hit in the heart always drop?"

"No. Once I wanted some deer meat for bait—that is to poison and put out for the wolves. I took that British rifle there and walked over there to the gravel pit where a fine buck stood. I wanted to make it as easy as possible for the poor deer who was about to be sacrificed for his brothers' sake, so I aimed deliberately at his heart. At the crack of the rifle he lifted his head and tail and galloped away, leaping lightly over the trunks of fallen trees. My wife and three other ladies had followed me and Mrs. Bartlett laughed at my markmanship.

"Well, I had never in all my life missed a simple shot like that. Even if I had failed to hit his heart, I must have hit him and shot him through and through. And yet he had gone away with his flag flying, despite the testimony of all the wise men of the woods that a wounded deer invariably drops his tail when he is hard hit. I followed him over the little hill—212 yards from the gravel pit and found him down, but kicking, struggling, trying to get to his feet and so much alive that I was obliged to put a bullet through his brain to end his suffering. The post mortem revealed the fact that I had not only hit his heart but had actually torn two inches of it away. As London's old Indian said of the white man, 'You can't never tell what an animal will do.'

"That blood-drinker," he continued, pointing to the mounted mink above his door, "broke into a cage in daylight and could not be frightened off. I rushed to this room, about one hundred feet away and grabbed a gun, and when I got back he had killed half a dozen pheasants and five bantam chickens. A smaller mink got into another cage, and although I was whacking him with a stick he kept on killing. My stick was light and I turned to take a broom brought by one of the employees. By this time he had murdered half a dozen pheasants and even as I brought the broom stick down he struck and killed a fine golden pheasant. When a wild animal is maddened, either by being punished or by tasting blood, there is no stopping him.

"Upon another occasion I set a trap for a mink, in which a meat bird or whiskey-jack was caught. An ermine came along and began to eat the bird when a companion and I came upon him. I beat him off, not caring to kill him, in order to reset the trap, but he would not leave. Again and again he flew at the trap. Finally in disgust, I held out the set trap and half believing he would do it, dared him to tackle the machine. Now if you stop to reason, you would say it is inconceivable that the foolish little varmint would do a thing so senseless. Yet I tell you he fairly leaped into the open jaws of that trap, tripped it and was caught and killed, and I can produce a witness to the suicide."

Mr. Bartlett, as already set down, has passed the greater part of his life in the woods. He is in sympathy with all the children of the Wild. From his attic window, he watches the mother bird teaching her babes to fly, the wild duck showing the duckling how to swim, and he sees nothing absurd in Mr. Long's kindergarten and considers it quite natural for a caribou cow to put her calf over the jumps.

All dwellers of the Canadian Wilderness who have read Mr. Roosevelt's roast (and all Canadians read, and respect our versatile President), are moved to smile when he compares a

real live lynx to a house cat. They feel that my friends in Colorado have been showing a very inferior brand of bob cat and calling it a lynx.

Twice within the past year, the telegraph has told of a lynx attacking a man. In one case the varmint invaded the right of way and sprung upon a Grand Trunk track-walker, ripped him down the front and up the back, and nearly killed him before he was rescued by another traveler.

There has never been a President in the White House so universally admired by Canadians as the present occupant. They do not question his bravery, but they insist that in his acquaintance with the lynx, he has never been up against the real thing.

They say to me, "Let him come up into Canada, when he loses his job, go into the woods afoot and alone, and listen to the blood-curdling cry of a Canadian lynx in a lonely rain-swept swamp; and then, if he hold his nerve, let him advance and lay hold of the tufted terror of Temagami, and he'll have the fight of his life."

And the saddest part of this prophecy is that when its all over, there'll be no eye-witness to write it up, for the Canadian lynx is hopelessly illiterate.

What I Expect to Find in Canada

By Karl Edwin Harriman

Editor The Red Book and Blue Book Magazines

IN New Mexico I met a man. He sat in the shade of a red water-tank, his leather-bound *sombrero* pulled low over his eyes, his knees pressing his breast, his bronze, slim-fingered hands clasped over them. In the distance, trembling under a turquoise sky, clustered a little group of glistening 'dobies, like clean pop-corn on a sheet of dun wrapping paper. Between the dozing man and the somnolent houses, a herd of goats idled, browsing the sand. A lizzard, like a bit of live emerald, crept over the sleeper's foot and awakened him.

"Howdy," said he to me.

"Howdy," said I to him.

Then he rolled a cigarette, languidly, with one hand, drawing the string of the tobacco bag with his teeth.

"Live here?" I asked, blankly.

"Live here!" he exclaimed, "Here!"

The land, if sensate, would have shrivelled under the scorn of his reply.

"M' friend," said he, "they don't *anybody live* here. Folks just *is* here, that's all."

So, side by side, in the shade of the water-tank, we sat until the purple shadows crept out of the east and the ghosts of the cacti lengthened on the sand, the while the man who only *was* told me how it had come to pass.

"Y' see," he said, musingly, "m' brother was sick and I came down here with him—that *was* two years ago. *He* got well—an' *I* got sick—got it off'n him—an' now *I've* got to stay—"

"And he?" I asked.

"He's gone home."

His chin went down on his breast as he said it, and his eyes looked not out, but in.

"It's where I want to go, you see," he added, as if to himself—"I want to go home."

It was the old, old, sob—the sob of the lost child overtaken by the shadows that steal out of the east when the sunlight goes, the shadows that cannot be escaped, the stealthy silent shadows, mute heralds of the coming night.

He told me then where "home" was—a little town in Western Canada, north of Edmonton, "smuggled close to the hills," he said.

To me, who loved the desert and all its magic, it was a strange thing, this longing in the man's eyes, the tremor of his chin. He reached out a hand and the long, slim fingers closed upon my arm like steel bands.

"Don't you see," he went on—"don't you see—it's the old story, friend, wantin' the thing you can't have—the thing you know you never can have—and just *knowin'* it makes you want it all the more. And it ain't only because it's 'home'."—He shook his head and the pale ghost of a smile flickered about his lips.

"It's the call of the land—most of all it's that—the call of the land—Listen:— Did you ever hear it—the call of that land up at the north? It ain't like the call of any other land on earth. There's a different note to it—just as there's a different smell to the land itself. Up there, a man's what he is—God Almighty gives him the things to work with and tells him to 'go ahead.' It's up to him, friend—only I guess God helps—up there—more'n he does anywhere else in the world. It's jes' man and God a-playin' the game to win—and you can't lose with God for a partner, can you?"

I shook my head. A different light was in his eyes as he turned to me, something of that light which lies in a lover's eyes, perhaps—a lover whose soul is tempered by the rejection of his love.

"Sometimes I've woke up over in that 'dobe'"—he pointed—"when it was so still you could hear your pulse beatin' an' the blood throbbin' in your ears—and heard it—the call—seems 's if I'd have to get right up then and there, and follow it off to the north and on, and on, till I got to where it sounded from—up yonder. And I'd lay still and seems 's if I could almost smell them little pale flowers that come up along the creeks after the snow goes—and the whole world—up yonder—lays smilin' in the sunshine. And it ain't like any other sunshine in the world, either, friend—the sunshine of the land up there! It's cleaner, and sweeter and there's a sort of a smell to it, too, and you can fair taste it—*that* sunshine. The breeze that blows down from the mountains sends your blood a-leapin' through you till you r'ar up and swear you'll tackle the biggest job on earth—and do it!—M' friend, if only to-night—this—one night—I could feel that breeze on my face—square in my face—I'd be satisfied to lay over in that 'dobe' till the bell rings, and nobody'd hear me complain. "You've been up there, though, aincha?"

I shook my head.

"Never," said I.

"What! You mean to say you ain't never been up there—Alberta, Saskatchewan—not even Manitoba?"

I shook my head again, shamedly, in the face of his wonder.

"Well, what d'yeh think of that?" he exclaimed, sinking back in the sand again and making a metallic sound with his tongue against his teeth. "Say," he turned to me suddenly, "you mean you ain't ever seen the wheat field up there—in the north?"

"Never," I confessed.

"They're a great yellow ocean," he ran on, plucking at his corduroy and gazing off across the sand to where, perhaps, he saw the golden grain swaying in the wind, rippling and swishing with the sound of rustling silk.

"More wheat'n there is in all the world, I guess, wheat to feed everybody—and the land dyin' to bring out more. That's how it's different from what it is. They dig holes, out here, lookin' for gold, 'n' there

the gold stands up on the top of the ground. You don't have to dig to find the gold up there—just scratch.

"It's when night comes I feel it most, when the stars pop out and look as if you could reach up 'n' pick 'em—maybe the breeze that freshens when the sun goes down—the breeze that blows from the north, brings the scent of it on its wings.

"I don't know—but it's there, and, God! friend, it don't seem 's if I could stand it another day. It's the best old land there is on earth—it's so sort o' friendly to you. It won't let you get down-hearted 'n' blue. It sort o' slaps you on the back and says 'buck up'. And you do, and you win—say—"

He turned squarely to me—

"The folks up there are different too—seems to me. I don't know how 'tis, but there are days when I've been fair faintin' from the heat on this sand, that it seemed if only I could take hold of a hand—the hand of any one of the folks up there; it'd sorter cool me off like nothing else in the world. 'Course it's a frontier country, but it's a different sort of frontier than ever was before. There ain't any shootin' up towns in it, nor gamolin' houses, nor dance halls nor things like that. There's always been the law up there—Hudson's Bay Company first, then the Mounted Police—besides, folks haven't had time to grow bad men. The folks sorter feel the closeness of God to 'em and that sorter kept 'em peggin' away, doing their day's work to-day—wiping out the wilderness. The spirit of the land's different. It's a big, strong, brave land and its spirit is the spirit of the people on it—big, strong, clean people with the love of God in their hearts that lets 'em do their work without yellin' about it—whether it's clearin' a section or runnin' a railroad through the awfulest mountains you ever saw. Home folks—that's what they are—home folks."

Off in the distance a whistle sounded.

—"That's your train, ain't it?" he asked, and ran on rapidly—"Say, on the level, friend, go up there some day—won't you—don't make any difference where—Winnipeg on through—and see if I've been lying."

So I promised him.

"When you come back this way ask for "Skinny" Thurber—that's me. If I'm here I'll tell you some more about it—and if I ain't here you'll know I've gone back home."

And the last impression I had of the little desert station was of him leaning against one of the sprawling legs of the red water-tank, waving me a feeble farewell.

* * *

It was one day three weeks later that chance brought me back "that way." I asked a swart Mexican where Skinny Thurber might be. He gave me a covert glance and pointed to where—five rods away—was a little mound of sand, marked by a Cairn supporting a crude cross of wood. Then I knew, and beside the grave I stood as again the shadows lengthened and the western sky changed from gold to amethyst. Skinny had gone home—and that was all—home to the land "that won't let you get down-hearted," where the golden ocean ripples in the clear sunlight and the breeze that comes down from the mountains makes you want to "r'ar up." And I remembered my promise that I would one day visit that land just to learn "he wasn't lying." And thither now I am bound—to find the soil that lured the soul of "Skinny" Thurber.

I want to meet, face to face, those men and women with the clear, far-seeing eyes, who are hewing out an empire north of the line, clearing the wilderness, blazing the way of civilization—men and women whose daily lives and daily work are epics, splendid real dramas played in a wide-open out-of-doors land that is the theatre of the last contest between man and nature on this continent.

A Plotter of Peace

By Mary Wheelwright Mitchell

TEDDY woke up early.

Teddy always woke up early, and usually the whole house knew about it. It was part of the waking up that he should slip out of his crib, and creep, cr–ee–p, cr–ee–p mouse into Daddy's room, and crawl up on the high bed very softly until he was right on Doddy's big chest, and then—

"Oo–oo–wow."—right in Daddy's ear.

Yes, the whole house usually knew about it.

But to-day was different. Yesterday had been different, too, and the day before that, and oh, forty-'leven days before *that* too. 'Most a week, Teddy guessed.

Everything had been so still. Daddy had been down town all day and all day, and never whistled once when he came to the top of the home hill. And Mamma had been so quiet, and when he asked for a "laugh-story," she said, "Not to-day, dear," and pretty soon he had seen a big, wet tear splash down on her sewing. And he hadn't been kissed good-night, either. Usually Mamma kissed one cheek while Daddy kissed the other. But things had been still when he went to bed, and she and Daddy had sat up 'most all night in the library, talking, and since then they hadn't talked at all. Oh dear! was it going to be so still always?

Teddy chewed the corner of the sheet, and thought. He was only five, but he knew lots of ways to make Daddy laugh. Dandelion chains were nice, and then there was the time he caught the turtle—

He knew! He'd take Daddy fishin'. That would fix it.

For there had been mornings when Teddy hadn't waked up before anyone else—when the first thing he knew was Daddy's picking him out of his crib in one strong arm, and saying, "Where's your duds, Brother?"

And then there was the delight of Daddy's creeping very softly down the back stairs, not to wake Mamma, and the cool of the cool air on Teddy's face, and the swing of Daddy's long stride. Teddy always went to sleep on the way, and never woke up until they were in the punt and Daddy was trying to button him up. Somehow Daddy never remembered to bring all the things, and never knew which ones came first, but that didn't matter, 'cause they were out after the Big Ones.

And so they always paddled out to the very middle of the misty lake, skirted 'round Bass Island, and found the very best place, between two big socks called Aaron and Moses. Daddy sat in the stern, big and bearded and humped in the fog, with a Big One on his hook, and Teddy sat in the bow, and tried to keep still when he saw the line jiggle.

Pretty soon there were a whole lot of Big Ones in the bottom of the punt, and Daddy paddled back to the beach. Generally he let Teddy carry the willow switch with all the Big Ones on it up through the dewy pastures to the house where Mamma was waiting.

Mamma always said, "Well! where *have* you men been? What a lovely catch!" And then she buttoned up all the places that Daddy had missed, and washed Teddy's face, and then —M–m! the bacon sizzled in the hot spider, and the bass were rolled in yellow corn-meal and cooked. Teddy always had a whole one on the plate Daddy had used when he was a little boy, with the yellow chickens on it and the Leghorn rooster eating the worm. And Daddy always went around the table, and kissed Mamma, and said, "Well, Milly, this is fun!"

Yes sir! he and Daddy must go fishin'.

Buttons are mysterious things to five-year-old fingers, but Teddy slipped out of his crib and struggled manfully

with them. He wasn't sure about part of them, but anyhow all he could reach were fastened somewhere when he crawled softly down the stairs and out through the woodshed into the yard, carefully shutting the door behind him.

It was very queer out-of-doors so early. Brindle was asleep in one corner of the yard with her black muzzle on the grass, snoring as she slept. The cream-colored Brahmas were all sitting up in the balm-o'-Gilead trees like rumply white snow-balls, and the grass was white with dew, and the sky was almost white with little pinky flecks in it over Big and Little Ossipee Mountains. It was still out here, too, and Teddy hurried to drag the big potato-fork out of the barn to dig bait in the soft, fresh-plowed vegetable gardens.

It was hard work, but he put his stubby little shoe on the fork, and pushed and pushed. By and by he got a big clod turned over, and there was a fat worm twisting on the other side of it. Then he found another, and another, until pretty soon he had 'most a whole lot of bait.

He looked down into the can critically, and guessed he had enough. He would go up and wake up Daddy and—but the spring catch of the the door had fastened behind him as he had shut it. He was locked out. Two big tears gathered in Teddys blue eyes, but he wouldn't cry—he wouldn't cry. Never mind. He'd wait until Daddy came out, and then he'd show him what a lovely lot of bait he had. He was so tired—so tired—he'd show Daddy—

Teddy, with his head on the top step, and the can clasped in his stained little fingers, was fast asleep.

In the house the clock was pointing around to seven, and Daddy looked at his watch wearily. Here was another day starting out—another day just like yesterday and the day before, and the day before that—ever since Millicent had found that foolish letter. He knew he had been a fool, but at any rate, he hadn't been anything worse. If Millicent would only think so!

Across the hall, Mamma, with sleepless, hollow eyes, went into Teddy's little room to wake him.

"Oh!" she gasped, seeing the empty crib. "Well, I suppose he has gone in to see his father," came the second thought, and she turned curtly away.

But she felt uneasy, and when Daddy came heavily down to breakfast, which she had grimly prepared, she broke her silence in alarm.

"Where's Teddy?"

"Teddy?" responded the man. I haven't seen him."

The two looked at each other accusingly, and then, moved by a common impulse, both turned toward the stairs.

"Wait. I'll go," said Daddy, and he went up two steps at a time.

But Teddy wasn't upstairs, and he wasn't downstairs. They went from room to room, slowly at first, then almost running; calling, pleading, coaxing. He must be hiding somewhere. In a minute he would pop out from under the sofa, or behind a curtain.

"Tedd[illegible] Teddy, dear!" rang Mamma's voice with a break between the words.

"Teddy! Teddy, old man!" called Daddy, but there was no answer.

"Could he have gone out-of-doors?" asked Mamma at last, and together they went to the door.

Rosy, dirty, sound asleep, Teddy lay on the step, long eyelashes resting on his round cheek, damp rings of hair curling about his forehead, and the can of bait clasped in his little hand.

With a cry, Daddy crumpled the baby in his arms, can and all, and Teddy stirred sleepily.

"Daddy—go—fishin'—kiss Mamma —" He got no further, for Daddy had gathered Mamma in a bunch, and was kissing her as if he never would stop kissing—her hair and eyes and lips. And Mamma was crying and sobbing out Daddy's name, while a red angle-worm crawled on her collar.

Teddy wriggled down, and stood off, regarding them. Then—

"Aren't you going to kiss me, too?" he asked.

HE PUT HIS STUBBY LITTLE SHOE ON THE FORK, AND PUSHED AND PUSHED

FUTURE CANADIAN CITIZENS

On the left is a newly arrived Doukhobor woman with her child; at the top are ten sturdy daughters of Galicia; and at the bottom are five of the militant sons of Hungary

A Paternal Corporation

A Character Sketch of the Canadian Pacific Railway

By E. Cora Hind

PAPER NO. 2

BRITAIN'S dominions overseas exist to-day because of the power of her young men in all periods of her history to see visions and dream dreams.

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly
in the man-stifled town,
We yearned beyond the skyline where
the strange roads go down."

It was the irresistible longing for the strange roads that in the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company brought to the Northwest not only men to do the routine work of that great corporation, but men who traveled and explored, and missionaries who counted their lives well lost if they might bring the Gospel of the Christ to the Indians of the strange new world. The travelers, explorers and missionaries have all left behind them records that show they had seer's vision, though perhaps few, if any of them, possessed the prophet's tongue of flame to proclaim the wonders of the Great Lone Land as a home for future millions.

In the light of present-day development, the journal of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the quaint and formal reports to the superiors of the order, written in classic French by more than

one missionary son of a noble house of France, the yearly reports of the Church of England Missionary Society, or an ancient volume of the "Methodist Magazine" of England, all show the writers to have been gifted with prophesy when the Canadian West as a home for settlers was the theme. These men traveled over the great plains, toiled up and down the rivers and across the lakes in canoe or yorkboat and even crossed the mountains on foot with pack trains, and it is hardly a surprise that men of such heroic mould were impressed with the glory and the splendor of the "great spaces washed with sun."

The herds of buffalo naturally suggested domestic cattle, the luxuriant prairie grasses, often breast high, promised marvels of productiveness when once the land was broken to the plow. The missionaries, indeed, were pioneers or agriculture as well as of the Gospel and to them is due in no small measure, the knowledge of what the country could produce, which was of such material assistance to the early settlers,

Lord Selkirk was yet another who dreamed of empire and he has also the first to put into actual practice a definite scheme of immigration. The struggles of that first colony of immigrants have often been told, and will be told a thousand times again, but their place is not here. The Dawson route was built as an immigration road. and indeed, at every foot of the way from the time that Britain took over the country from the Hudson's Bay Company the idea of immigration and colonization seems to have been paramount. When the transcontine tal road was mooted, though to a few perhaps, it meant a short route to China and India, to the men who planned and prayed for it, it meant a means of getting settlers into the country. To the men who finally built

AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A DOMINION HOMESTEAD OFFICIAL AT PRINCE ALBERT

the road it was an immigration scheme, an immigration road, and it is in that aspect that it will be dealt with in this paper.

After the opening of the road in 1886 there was a period of six years in which immigration was so small that no official records were kept.

Though this was doubtless a great disappointment to the promoters of the road it was a matter very easily accounted for The reports of the rebellion of 1885 had been spread all over the world, ignorance of the geography of the country led to the most gross misrepresentations as to the extent of the territory affected and it required years of hard work to overcome the prejudice thus created. The work of the Canadian Pacific as an immigration road really dates from 1892. From that year down to May first,1907,the company carried into the country 848,179 settlers, and of that number 125,000 were brought across the Atlantic in the company's own steamers.

When the immigration movement first started the company had no steamships of its own. Now it has a fleet of ten ocean liners with a total passenger capacity of 1000 first class, 135 second class, and 10,000 steerage passengers. At the head of the fleet are the two splendid passenger boats the Empress of Britain and the Empress of Ireland.

For the carrying of immigrants a special class of train service had to be arranged. In 1887 the company did not possess even one colonist sleeper. To-day there are 1,178 of these cars in use and in the past fifteen years 18,848 have been required in the transportation of immigrants from the Atlantic seaboard to their destination. These cars are unsuited to any other class of traffic and therefore represent an enormous outlay for immigration purposes alone. The cars are of the most modern type, are fitted with excellent ranges, and passengers can make themselves very comfortable by bringing light mattresses and blankets with them. It is not considered an ideal way of traveling in these days, but it is greatly superior to what princes of the Blood Royal could command a century ago. Immigrant trains are especially well officered, and considering the distance traveled and the number carried, the complaints registered are very few and very far between. Such a thing as women, who are traveling alone, suffering inconvenience or molestation is absolutely unknown in the company's history. Canadian Pacific Railway colonist sleepers may not be palatial, but they are absolutely safe, clean and decent.

The immigration into Western Canada has been of the most varied character — British, German, Icelandic, Mennonite, Galician, Hungarian, Syrian, French, Spanish, Italian—and, indeed, so motley is the assortment that a contractor who had hired 350 laborers from the immigration offices once declared that he had every nation under heaven represented, and two or three whose lingo nobody knew. The multiplicity of languages spoken has added tenfold to the difficulties of the railway and the Dominion Government immigration officials in handling the thousands that year after year have poured into the West. In passing it might be said that the Dominion Government organized the immigration policy that has proved so effective and Immigration Commissioner J. Obed Smith and his staff work hand in hand with the Canadian Pacific Railway in getting the newly arrived safely and comfortably to destination. The staff of interpreters employed by both Government and railway would make a very decent little colony all by themselves.

In addition to the safe transport of immigrants there is the transport of settlers' effects, and some idea may be gathered of what a gigantic task this is from the fact that in the year 1906 5,930 cars of settlers' effects passed through Winnipeg westward and in the March of that year 1,979 cars were forwarded. In addition to the cars of effects there are all the cars of individual baggage. The newly arrived immigrant almost invariably has an extraordinary number of "boxes."

THE ARRIVAL OF AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN AT WINNIPEG

The heaviest day of which there is any record in Winnipeg shows that 22,503 pieces of baggage passed through the baggage rooms at Winnipeg. The amount of lost baggage is a mere bagatelle when compared with the amount handled. The huge baggage rooms at Winnipeg are a study in themselves on a day when say, from three to five immigrant specials arrive. It is not only the number of pieces but the grotesque character of the packages that attracts attention.

they have received, for less than half of their grant, the neat sum of $40,000,000, and it is easy guessing that the remaining 15,000,000 acres is worth, owing to the increase in population and the development of the country, fully five times as much.

For the eleven months of the present year, ending May 31st (the close of the year is June 30th) the company sold 843,691.29 acres at an average of $5.79; in 1906 the average was $5.83, the highest average yet attained for

TYPICAL BRITISH IMMIGRANTS AT WINNIPEG

It would be interesting to know just how many of the three quarters of a million of immigrants carried on the company's line have settled on company lands, but this is something the railway officials have never bothered to keep track of. It must be a goodly percentage, for up to 31st May, 1907, 10,217,029 acres of the company's original grant of 25,000,000 acres had been sold. The average price for the twenty years was $3.97 per acre, or roughly

their lands, but the sales of June will probably put 1907 in the front rank in price. In 1887 the amount of land sold was 59,993 acres and the average price was $3.39.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is fulfilling the promise of its promoters and bringing immigrants by the thousand, but from the traveler through the Canadian West the question is ever, "Where have these eight hundred and forty eight thousand, one hundred and

seventy-nine people gone to?" The country is so vast they have been swallowed up and the cry is ever for more, and still more.

Stand some bright day in August on the verge of a three-thousand-five-hundred or a seven-thousand acre wheat field, that stretches like a sea of palest gold as far as the eye can see, and listen to the wheat. What is the sibilant whisper that is repeated over and over, in varying tones? It is the single word "come." Country and railway alike say "Come," for you will find "fat pasture and good and the land is wide, and quiet and peaceable."

The Maid and the Mirage

By Frank D. Faber

"CURIOUS" said Mr. Julius Q. Tedge, laying down the paper. "Extremely curious!"

He picked up the sheet and looked at it again, studying a certain paragraph headed, "Interesting Scientific Phenomenon. Mirage Seen by Cascawasca Farmer. The Pretty Girl and the Dinner-Bell."

Mr Tedge checked off the items one by one.

Farmhouse. Boy driving home cows. Girl pouring water off a kettle of steaming potatoes, and ringing dinner bell. Farmer climbing over fence and hurrying in to supper. Boy following from barn. And all these interesting phenomena had been seen in a mirage by a Cascawasca farmer, a man named Lurkins—Lurkins, mind you!—who probably could not appreciate them at all. The thing needed closer investigation, scientific appreciation, accurate and detailed description. Mr. Tedge felt he was the man to give it.

Still he prided himself on his caution, and it was not until he had actually located Cascawasca on the map and read over all his old atlas said about mirages, on page three hundred and three that he decided to trace the matter down.

Julius Q. Tedge also prided himself on his open mind. He was quite sure that there was no man in the moon, for instance, yet he had some hopes that some ambitious Canadian railroad man might possibly get a charter for a Luna-Mundane Air Line n the near future, or start a traffic monopoly on Mars. In short, he had an imagination, and he pictured that mirage with keen delight.

That evening he went down to the Public Library and read up on mirages. He did not learn much. Indeed, the subject appeared quite elusive and the cases quoted as authentic did not seem to have anything very solid for a basis. One authority, Professor Jarman of Sagebrush City University, had drawn a portrait of a mirage from an account rendered him, but naturally, being secured at second-hand, the features were somewhat sketchy.

Next morning Julius Q. Tedge packed his suitcase, rolled up an A-tent and camping outfit, slung his camera over his shoulder, and set out to hunt the mirage to its lair.

"Really a most important opportunity," he mused as the train clickety-clicked over the rail-joints. "A photograph of a mirage." He spent most of the rest of the journey in devising alliterative headlines. By the time he had driven out to Mr. Lurkins' farm, he had composed one leading article and begun on the scientific treatise.

Mr. Lurkins was not exactly at the plow, like Agricola, but he was splitting kindling at the rear of his cottage with peculiar emphasis.

Julius held out his hand. "Mr. Lurkins, I am proud to make your

acquaintance," said he.

"Whack!" from the axe.

"Ungh!" from Mr. Lurkins.

"Yes sir," continued Julius, "I have read the account of your unusual experience in the *Courier*, reprinted from the *Cascawasca Gazette*, and wished to see you personally, as I am much interested in such phenomena."

Mr. Lurkins grunted once more. "Well, I ain't," he remarked succinctly. "No more mirages for me. I'm done with 'em. Them's the very words I've been a-sayin' to about fifty-four reporters an' a hundred other folks, men, women an' children, who don't seem ter hev nothin' ter do but gad around and bother other folks. You can read the piece in the *Gazette* all you want ter, but you can't get another word out o' me." And the axe came down again.

"Er—really, I don't wish you to do so, I'm sure," said Julius. "But have you considered the scientific importance of the matter? It is of inestimable value to the world that this unexplored subject should be reduced to principles? Principles, sir, are of the utmost importance. You, as possessing especial knowledge, should not withhold it. It is an error, sir—yes, almost a crime, to keep back your peculiar experience from the world."

"Keepin' back nothin'!" said Mr. Lurkins, roused. "If anybody wants that mee-rage, I s'pose it's floatin' around som'ers o' 'nother where it was before. The Government can go up to Goosetail Creek a ' set in a skeeter patch an' wait for the darned thing ter come out again if it wants ter. I don't know nothin' about it. All I say is, I don't want ter be bothered out'n house an' home answerin' a lot o' fool questions."

"Do you judge it probable that I might secure a view of it myself?" inquired Mr. Tedge. "In fact, that is what I came here to do."

"Dunno. She may be in Japan now, or busted up. I ain't responsible for her. I'm a butcher by trade, an' don't deal in mirages. I saw it, as the *Gazette* says, about twenty mile straight east on Goosetail Creek, if you don't know. I wisht someone 'ud call me a straight liar an' take the consequences. Suit me a darned sight more."

"My dear sir," said Tedge, "I believe every word you say, but I want to see this mirage for myself, secure a photograph of it, and make a critical study of the phenomenon. I'll get a rig and stay at Goosetail Creek till I do see it, if necessary."

Mr. Lurkins softened visibly as he saw Julius climbing into his buggy.

"Well, here's luck to you," he said. "You look like a truthful man, but if you ever get a squint at that mirage, I can tell you your reputation won't be no higher in consequence."

Goosetail Creek was apparently uninhabited, except for a thriving population of jack-rabbits and mosquitoes, both of which became very sociable on first acquaintance. But Tedge camped patiently near a spring, stayed out of doors on every possible occasion, and tried to watch all four quarters of the sky at once. After the novelty of the first few days had worn off, he began to think chasing mirages was not such an easy way f earning a niche in the Hall of Fame as he had imagined. Besides, he had a stiff neck.

Therefore, he rather welcomed a freckle-faced, chunky boy in overalls who came casually into camp, hitching up his one suspender as he walked, and remarked, "Say, mister, you lookin' fer anythin?"

"Why yes," said Tedge, with a glance at the sky. "I'm trying to secure a photograph of a mi age."

"Gee!" said the boy. "You'd better clear out of this mighty quick. Pa got a half squint at you last night an' he says he's goin' ter make you scoot like Sam Hill."

"I was not aware that I was trespassing," protested Tedge.

"Ner you ain't", responded the boy. "Pa thinks you're a bailiff, or else come courtin' Susie Jane."

"But he's mistaken," said Julius. "I'm simply waiting to photograph the mirage that has been seen in this vicinity."

"You don't say! Well, one o' the

other fellers that come here said he come fer the ozone. Pa said that excuse was too blamed thin, an' chased him four miles with a shot gun."

Mr. Tedge did some rapid thinking. "Can you use a quarter?" he inquired thoughtfully.

Bud owned an engaging grin. "Sometimes," he said.

"Well, if you'll go and tell your father that I have no idea of seizing any of his furniture, or courting the—er—the young lady, I think possibly I could find one for you."

"Phew!" whistled Bud. "How'm I to know you ain't just talking Say, gimme the quarter first."

"You'll have to wait," said Tedge. "If I get a photograph of the mirage without any scooting or shotguns, you might be rich, and your father, too."

"What's a mee-ridge? Is it alive?" asked the boy.

"It's a picture seen on the sky. You may have seen it. A boy drives home a herd of cattle—"

"I know. That's me."

"— and woman pours water off the potatoes," continued Tedge.

"That's Susie Jane. My, she's a good cook.

"Then a farmer jumps over the fence—"

"Yep. That's Pop. He's always on the jump."

"Look here," said Julius. "What do you mean? How do you know? Have you seen it?"

"Aw, that's our place. Pa he hit gas when he was borin' for water, an' touched a match to it. Gee! she busted up! 'Most blew Pa to kingdom come, an' we can't put it out. The ouse shows on the sky towards night sometimes. Pa's been kept busy chasin' strangers off'n the place ever since. You better gimme that quarter."

"Very well," said Tedge. "Here it is You tell your father to come and talk to me, if he's interested in the mirage proposition, and don't mind leaving his shot-gun at home."

But it was Susie Jane that tripped coquettishly past on her way to the lower pasture that evening, and with whom, details being discreetly suppressed, Mr. Tedge conversed earnestly for three-quarters of an hour—probably about mirages. Incidentally, he learned that Susie Jane's mother was dead, and Susie kept house on the farm; moreover that "Pa" was going to be gone for three days over to town.

The cows in the lower pasture seemed to require a good deal of attention during the next three or four days, and Mr. Tedge's enthusiasm on the subject of mirages waned. Bud watched for three evenings in covert glee as two figures strolled down the path and leaned on the pasture bars until Betty and Daisy and Bossy came wonderingly up with soft plaintive "Moos," sweet-breathed and mildly protesting.

But Paradise does not last forever, even in the Cascawasca farm lands, and Tedge had just packed up his camp outfit reluctantly, with a view to avoiding the returning "Pa," when he and Susie strolled down the lane for the last time, and the inevitable god descended from the machine in the person of "Pa" himself, long, lean, and narrow-jawed.

Tedge had one wild thought of flight, but decided against it, and waited on the far side of the fence with Susie Jane.

"You want' marry Susie Jane?"

Susie Jane giggled and blushed, and dug her slipper toe into the soft loam. Tedge gasped, but faced the music.

"Y-y-yes sir!"

"All right. I ain't got no objections. I'm goin' t' git married myself. Mis' Evans over on South Fork says seein's her man got drowned last week, she'll try me fer a spell. I won't need Susie any more, an' she can pack her box an' go right back with you."

Things happen faster n Western Canada than in some other places. Still, Tedge was rather surprised.

"E -r-r — Why, thanks," he stammered, looking at Susie's pretty profile outlined against the twilight sky, and trying to arrange his ideas in vain.

"Oh, that's all right. She's a right willin' girl. Good night," said the old man, turning placidly away.

* * *

It was just as they were climbing the stairs of Tedge's bachelor flat that he recollected.

"By Jove!" h said " didn't get that mirage, after all."

Susie Jane looked up at him and dimpled.

'So you didn't," she agreed.

Tedge looked down at her and grinned.

'Who cares?" he said valiantly, and opened the door.

MAIN STREET, PINCHER CREEK, ALTA.

Pincher Creek

By Edward Angus

I like the freedom of a country town,
The air and the open of the country;
You can tell when the sun goes up and down,
Out in the God-made country.
The creeks are clear and the skies are blue,
The hearts of the people are kind and true
And folks do just as they want to do—
Folks that are livin' in the country.

I like the color of a country town,
It's almost the color of the country;
Farmer's wife in a country gown,
Bringin' in things from the country;
Watermelon and sweet nutmegs,
Country butter and country eggs,
Country girls, and chickens with plumb, hard legs,
All comin' in from the country.

Pincher Creek began as a country town, but it will soon be a city. The reason why you have heard of Pincher Creek so lately is because it only arrived with the winter wheat. To be sure, we might have been growing winter wheat in the Pincher district for years, but we did not know.

The old saying as to the ill wind that blows no good applies to the coming of the Mormons. They taught us to sow winter wheat. At first only a few farmers had faith to plant wheat in the fall. It was the same with spring wheat in the experimental days. The wheat field worked slowly up the Red River Valley, crawled across Portage Plains, out to Saskatchewan and eventually to Alberta. Similarly the Alberta Red—which took first prize at the Portland Exhibition against all comers from the United States—has worked its way north to the Swan River Valley, two hundred and eighty miles north of Winnipeg. This will be the eighth year for winter wheat on the Swan. Last year Mr. A. J. Cotton, who was first to risk seed under the snow, got thirty-five bushels to the acre, and at this writing—July 20th—the most promising fields in the West are fields of Alberta Red.

Pincher Creek is in the heart of the splendid winter wheat belt, and that is the real reason why the people of Pincher Creek are hopeful, almost enthusiastic. That is why they are putting in a water system, electric lights and telephones. A considerable jobbing business will develop at Pincher Creek because it will supply the vast mining and lumbering district lying to the west along the Crow's Nest line. There are churches, schools, and plenty of good water.

To be sure Pincher Creek is only one of the scores of towns in the winter wheat belt that are becoming cities, but it is the proud boast of Pincher that the town is so healthy that in order to hold the charter on a grave yard, they had to shoot a man in 1886 to make the first plant.

PINCHER CREEK IS IN THE HEART OF THE WINTER WHEAT BELT

What American Magazines are Doing for Western Canada

By A. G. Harrison

Secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade

I AM a Canadian and have been living in Edmonton, Alberta, for the last ten years, and the more information I gain and the older I grow, the more apparent it is to me that the newspapers of Eastern Canada do not really appreciate or rather realize the rapid growth of Western Canada.

I am aware in making the above statement that all the larger Eastern Canadian papers will claim that they do and that they are sending out special correspondents each year to get information about the West. This is true in a sense, but the information as a general rule is not illustrated and if illustrated the cuts are miserable apologies for what cuts should be.

I remember about fifteen years ago, at the time the Western States were going ahead so rapidly, that the Canadian papers were full of their wonderful growth. They showed that towns were springing up in a night, that as fast as railways were being built the towns were put on wheels and moved across country to the station sites. This appealed to the youthful imagination of many and in consequence the Western States at that time drew the cream of the young men of Canada into their fold.

To-day the same thing is happening in Western Canada. Towns such as Daysland, Vergreville, Vermilion, Camrose and Stettler, which did not exist a year and a half ago, now have populations ranging from five hundred to eight hundred. All the above named towns are in Central Alberta and within one hundred and fifty miles of Edmonton. Take the case of Vegreville. The Canadian Northern Railway not running through the original townsite, it was moved on wheels in a week to the railway site; banks, dwellings and stores were moved right across country for four miles and it was a race for the best location. It is now one of the best towns on the Canadian Northern Railway. If such a thing had happened in the States in early days, the Canadian Newspapers would have had cuts of the buildings and they would have expatiated on the great "push" and "go" of the American.

That such things are taking place in Northwest Canada to-day should be brought to the attention of the Eastern Canadian young men in order that they might see that what was being done in the Western States fifteen years ago, is being now duplicated in Western Canada.

To bring attention to such matters the Canadian newspaper should have a staff of correspondents along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific this year with complete photograph outfits to picture such scenes and thus keep Canadians informed as to the West's progress and opportunities.

The large American magazines find that there is a demand for information about Western Canada and to meet this demand they send their own correspondents to Western Canada, at a great expense, to watch our development and to write it up from month to month. Their articles are always profusely illustrated. I see no such effort being made by the Eastern Canadian

press. On the other hand, last year demonstrated the fact that the Eastern Canadian press seemed inclined largely to exaggerate our snow storms and our cold spells.

The average Canadian reader will, I think, find that he will gain more information about Western Canada by referring to such magazines as *The American Monthly Review of Reviews*, *The Business Man's Magazine*, *The Metropolitan*, *The World To-Day*, *National Travel*, *Pearson's*, *Success*, *Outing*, etc., etc., for the year 1907, than he can gain in any other way. While the papers of Eastern Canada practically ignore us the cream of American publications find it necessary to take note, from month to month, of the progress and development of Western Canada.

"Heimweh"

By Florence Hamilton Randal

"WRITE me a song of Western days,
Fresh with the winds and magical:
Lit by the gleam of golden rays.
Write me a song of praise."

Nothing will sing in my heart, good sir
Nothing but Eastern cry and call.
There are the Autumn leaves astir,
There's where I wish I were!

Fall of the leaf and harvest moon—
Sunset behind bereaved trees—
Dreamy hours of hazy noon—
Would I could reach you soon!

"And Melody in their Heaviness"—
Nay, a captive, I will rebel—
Here is a song of mournful stress,
Here, O my heart, confess!

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

The Prairie Chicken

By R. W. Dunlop

THE province of Manitoba, especially the northwest part of it, affords some excellent shooting to the lover of sport, whether he be out for chickens and partridges or after old Ephraim the bear. Between these two ends of the scale, there are ducks, geese, cranes, badgers, wolves, foxes, jumping deer, elk and moose, surely no Hobson's choice for the sportsman.

The chicken you will find in any part of the province, but most plentifully in the wheat region. He is the great commoner and adapts himself to the progressing country. To-day he lives in the willow scrub and groves of silver leafed poplar, fearless of man in his ignorance of him. To-morrow he occupies the same land without the willow bushes and grasses which man has removed to make yet more room for his crops; but still, fearless of man in his knowledge of him. Man has confiscated his ancient home, so like any other full-blooded native, he demands his treaty, and gets it. But in this he cannot be called selfish, for he obligingly permits his landlord to come near enough to blow him to smithereens. Consequently he is frequently found lying on his back on the farmer's table during the open season.

During the close season through the winter he becomes even more friendly, sitting upon the fence rails in the clear, cold, cracking sunrise, and sometimes snug and well-content on the housetops. Then in the forenoon he walks about the farmer's barnyard with the domestic fowls and the pigs, gathering tit-bits, still well-content, still fearless, yet very wary.

There are two varieties of prairie chicken in this country, the sharp-tail and the pinnated grouse. The latter species is the larger, and is most readily distinguished by a cluster of long feathers on each side of the throat. It is darker than the sharp-tail variety and also differs as to habits, preferring a more southern location and showing a liking for the open plains rather than the timbered or bush country. When it rises on the wing upon being alarmed, it gives a muffled chuckle, and speeds noiselessly away, flying low.

The sharp-tail bird is slimmer and of a cleaner cut than its cousin. Its head is rather bare, and its neck slim. It is marked on the breast with dark, arrow-shaped feathers With the exception of these points, the two species are similar. They both remain with us the year 'round, at home in all seasons.

The prairie chicken is something of a republican in some ways, and in others he is a royalist. During the mating season he is a free-lance. Through April and May the chickens congregate in large numbers early in the morning and again in the late afternoon. For some reason certain regular courting-places are picked upon, generally some grassy knoll where the sweet young thing, the budding matron and the sedate mother gather to discuss domestic and maternal matters, for the time is approaching when each must take upon herself the management of a household. There are no spinsters in chickendom.

The prairie chicken builds its nest on the ground in the thick grass or under the shelter of some small scrub.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Dunlop on the game of Manitoba which will run through the next few numbers of THE CANADA WEST. Our September issue will contain a sketch on the ruffed grouse, and this will be followed by others on the larger animals that interest the sportsman.—Editor

SHARP TAILED GROUSE (PEDIOCÆTES THASIANELLUS CAMTESTRIS)

PINNATED GROUSE (TYMPAN UCHUS AMERICANUS)

The eggs vary in number from eight to fourteen, and are of a dark grayish tint, speckled unevenly. The shell is very hard. Many animals, and incidentally a bird or two, prey upon the nests. Probably the greatest depredator in this respect is the coyote, who sneaks so cautiously over our prairie at all seasons. Next come the weasels, squirrels, skunks, badgers, and muskrats, but still the chicken holds its own.

Among the cannibal birds the hawk and the crow destroy many nests, and the owl also does his share, but more by accident than design. He does not hunt by day, and seldom flies so low by night as to discover the hatching prairie chickens.

The young leave the nest the first day, and follow the mother in search of insects, grass and seeds. In appearance they closely resemble young domestic turkeys. That is, during the downy stage. When the feathers appear at about a month this resemblance is gradually lost. At the age of four months the young are full-grown, mentally, morally and physically.

When you know the prairie chicken, you will realize the force of these three adverbs. A cheekier, cooler, more sybaritical little Epicurean never lived.

RUFFED GROUSE (BONASA UMBELLUS)

THE TOWN WILL BE A CITY SOME MORNING SOON AT ITS PRESENT RATE OF PROGRESS

Olds, a Busy Alberta Town

By William Kirkendale

SOMEONE has said that the first foot of soil in Alberta is worth more than the Tonopah ledge and the blue clay of the Rand put together. Ask the people of Alberta about it, aud the chances are they will put it even stronger than that. One man from the United States who has lived in twenty-eight of Uncle Sam's divisions writes, "I don't hesitate to say that I think the Alberta province when developed, will be one of the richest territories on the American continent." There are mines that are undeveloped, forests awaiting the mills, a soil that raises forty-bushel wheat to the acre, and a climate especially suited to stock-raising.

The Olds district has these advantages and a few more. There is plenty of good water and an abundance of coal and wood within thirty miles. Last winter the farmers drove over to the mines and got all the coal they wanted at $1.75 a ton. There is abundance of pasture for the stock and running springs that never freeze over. Cattle live and are fed (when they need feeding) outside, but in an ordinary winter the young, strong stock procure their own feed until March or later. The loss is comparatively small,

THE FIRST FOOT OF SOIL IN ALBERTA IS WORTH MORE THAN THE RAND

owing to no disease being prevalent in this part of the province.

Some people have said that in Alberta stock-raising is a thing of the past. It is not so. The man who does mixed farming is the man who makes the most of his cattle. True, he will have to keep fewer cattle than the old-time rancher, but he can keep a better class of stock and feed better, and consequently he can obtain a higher price for his stock. To such men Olds offers every inducement: good pasture, good water, good hay, good shelter, good markets, and within reasonable distance of town and the railway.

To be sure, you cannot grow corn or bananas in the Olds District, but grain, grass, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, and so forth, thrive. Table vegetables have passed the experimental stage, and are represented in everyone's "truck patch." One farmer threshed seven thousand bushels of oats from one hundred acres last fall that weighed forty-four pounds to the bushel, and field after field of winter wheat made from thirty-five to forty-five bushels per acre. Grain does not rust, as the weather is cool and dry in the ripening season. The soil is a rich black loam with just enough sand in it so that any plow will scour.

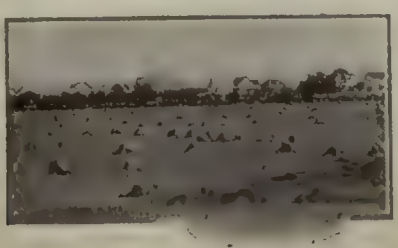
Three years ago there was hardly an excuse for a mile of graded road in the district, but one township, six miles square, has over thirty miles of made road now. What was then an uninhabited expanse of country is now good substantial farms, with farm-houses, out-buildings, long fields of grain, miles and miles of fencing, roads under construction, schoolhouses every few miles, and many other indications of prosperity and development throughout the Olds District.

Fruit culture is still in the experimental state, but strawberries, dewberries, gooseberries, blueberries, raspberries, and three varieties of currants are to be met with in the wild state. The wild raspberry scarcely differs from the best varieties of the "improved sort." The gooseberries, while smaller, have a very fine flavor. Nature makes no mistake, and where wild berries grow, with a little extra care and attention tame ones can be made to do so. Rhubarb is grown with remarkable success on the rich soil of this district, seed being sown in the spring and stalks gathered from the plant in the same season.

Potatoes and other root crops do especially well, one farmer digging one hundred and twenty-two pounds of potatoes from a seeding of three pounds. Parsnips, carrots, mangels, turnips, beets and so forth do equally well. The long days of sunshine and the cool nights, together with the rich soil of the district, seem to be just what they require. Peas, radishes and lettuce, as well as cucumbers and table corn, do well, and altogether, the farmer has no danger of not faring well if he will pay a little attention to his vegetable garden.

The town is rapidly growing. A flour mill will be established before long, and the town is planning to install an electric light plant. Modern educational buildings are in process of completion, and Olds will be able to lay claim to the title of "city" before long.

(*To be continued*)



The Furnace

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

By Philip Payne

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, Mr. Worth's ward, "just a nice girl"; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Romaine Eccleston, an aristocratic Canadian woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Mrs. Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together. Their intimacy is productive of an affection for each other, upon which their little world at once puts the worst possible construction. In the meantime Mr. Worth plans a "stag" dinner at which he invites Mrs. Eccleston to preside. The motive back of his invitation is a sinister one.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

MASTER IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

"So you couldn't wait over night to see Romaine," commented Mrs. Worth disagreeably. "You simply must telephone her, and but for the storm you would have gone across to Idlenesse, I suppose."

"There are some plans upon which I need to consult her," explained Mr. Worth.

His wife lay in the middle of the great white bed, her face a wrinkled yellow parchment punctured by holes for two burning eyes. "Did she tell you that Mr. Wytcherly was at the cottage to help pass away the stormy evening?" she interrogated. "Of course you didn't think to ask her that."

"Why shouldn't she, if it pleased her?"

"That is what Romaine would say. What I wonder is whether on such a blustery night he finds he can return to the lighthouse the hour he ought. If you are at all inquisitive, you can ring up the lighthouse and inquire if he has yet returned."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. Such low suspicions are unworthy of you, Harriett."

"Oh, you are such a good man, Sterling dear."

He defended himself from this aspersion: "The chances are she would have mentioned it; if Wytcherly had been with her, when I had her on the wire. And suppose he was, there'd be no harm."

"Such a good man," was Mrs. Worth's refrain. "So good he's blind to much that's going on right under his dear nose."

"Harriett, cease your insinuations right here and now! They are unworthy of you; they're unjust to

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Romaine."

But she, who could read the meaning of his least expression, who interpreted the subtlest tones of his voice, was aware that she had not yet reached the limit of impunity. "Insinuations? No one knows so well as do you that pretty generally I know about what I am talking."

With a semblance of impatience he restrained himself. "Well"—he granted her permission.

"Idlenesse has seen great goings-on, since you left for Chicago," she informed him. "What I know I got from Agnes, Romaine's maid. I've had her here to talk about her going home with me this fall—she has the old-fashioned respect for her superiors, I've observed."

"Just kitchen gossip," commented Mr. Worth.

"Which is as likely to be true as the best parlour scandal," he was instructed. "Agnes is devoted to her mistress, but much too dull to put two and two together and add up. She says your pet Mr. Wytcherly is at the cottage morning, noon, and night. I can get anything out of her without her knowing it. Romaine and he take long walks in the woods, and go off in the boat, she says, and eat impromptu lunches, and if he doesn't stay to dinner, he comes back after it and stays and stays till midnight or till more. Agnes declares she's sorry her mistress isn't married to Mr. Wytcherly who makes Romaine glad, instead of to Mr. Eccleston, who makes her miserable."

At the conclusion of this narrative Mr. Worth rammed his fists hard home in his trousers' pockets, a rare action which betrayed much disturbance in his mind. Also he trod on his heels in a circuit of the bed. "What of it, when all's said and done?" he asked. "Romaine was never an example of the virtue of common sense."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Worth.

"You can't dismiss my observation with a humph," rejoined Mr. Worth with conviction. "Romaine is a lady when all's said and done. She wouldn't stoop to a connection with my salaried man, and she's too purely intellectual to be anything but cold."

"A lot you know about it, Sterling dear. You're so good, you don't recognize that nothing is impossible to my sex. Haven't princesses eloped with hairdressers, and is a bluestocking exempt?"

"Romaine is the most innocent woman I ever knew," asserted her champion obstinately. "True, she is somewhat erratic and is likely to pursue a thing into the ground. And she's too much given to the exploitation, as she styles it, of new persons who chance to interest her. But a guilty passion—why, the notion's preposterous!"

"She'll fool you yet, she'll fool you yet, most terribly—see if she doesn't!" shrilled Mrs. Worth, exasperated by the obtuseness of her lord.

Mr. Worth took a firm stand. "Harriett, I forbid you mentioning this matter to anyone or to me again. I will not tolerate such aspersions upon the character of our friend. Never—unless evidence that cannot be gainsaid comes into your possession—dare to put in words your horrible suspicions."

Thus he adroitly managed to repudiate his spy and at the same time to instruct her for the future.

"I came to tell you," he proceeded, "that I have decided to give a dinner on the Tower to a party of New Yorkers who will be in Chicago early next week."

He gave her some particulars. "It will be a dinner on the wing, but I want it to be something special. The Turquoise is to bring them up from the city, and they will not leave her except for the actual time they spend on the Tower. After that I'll have the yacht run them down to Grand Haven, where their special train will wait to take them East the moment they disembark. I had to make them out a schedule before they would accept."

"But how am I to fit into your plans?" asked Mrs. Worth. She assumed that her convenience was in some way to be sacrificed.

He did not immediately inform her. "The gentlemen who are to be my guests come west to attend the direc-

tors' meeting of the Chicago Southwestern railway. They are three of the most prominent capitalists and social luminaries in New York, and both for my own sake and for the sake of Chicago, which in their eyes I will represent, I don't want to be guilty of any blunder they can laugh over among themselves and retail in the East as a sample of our wild and woolly Western ways. In a word, I am determined to show them a thing or so to impress them, to let them know that in Chicago we demand the very best and get it too."

"What am I to do?" sighed his wife resignedly.

"Several little things," answered Mr. Worth. "In the first place send Patrice up to Mackinac to make that visit she talks about. Get rid of Professor Byram—perhaps he'll want to go to Mackinac himself. As for Wytcherly I'll pack him back to business tomorrow or next day. He has had a long enough vacation, and his head is a little turned, I guess, from his association with a higher social circle than he's been accustomed to."

"And if you wish," proposed Mrs. Worth, "I can arrange to leave the Castle wholly at your guests' disposal. I will accompany Patrice, and we will take Romaine with us."

"Romaine is to remain here," he stated decisively. "And so are you. Her advice and your presence are both necessary to my plans."

"Oh," cunningly she acquiesced.

"Yes, Romaine has already assured me that she will take charge of everything. You will have no responsibility to irritate your nerves." Mr. Worth paused for a long moment. "What I wish of you is to aid and abet me with Romaine—insist upon her taking the entire arrangements off your shoulders—make her feel that all is right, so that she will enter with enthusiasm into my scheme."

Mrs. Worth did not dare display the fury of her eyes—she lowered withered lids and bit her nails. But she was unable to tie up her tongue. "If you mean that I am to be superseded in my own house, why don't you say so without any hypocrisy."

"Come, come," enjoined her husband. "You musn't let your nerves fly off. My plan is altogether the best way—you're much too sensible to object to it."

Her self-control exploded. "I'll not do it; you can't make me!" she shrieked. "I'll not be meek and humble to Romaine, while she struts around here usurping my place."

"Harriett!" She cowered under the tone. "You will do exactly, Harriett, whatever I think best."

She lashed venomously: "While you're about it, why don't you get divorces for both Romaine and yourself. If you don't, she'll run off with your advertising man instead."

"You're raving, Harriett." The word, delivered with a significant quiet, quelled her instantly. She turned sick at heart and her eyes begged.—"You know I do not countenance divorce," expositorily he proceeded. "Divorce smacks of socialism as well as of immorality. However, if I cannot command peace in my own home, if my sacred privacy must be jeopardized by the hallucinations of a wild brain, I have money enough to maintain an adequate separate establishment and to surround it by the safeguards which may be necessary in the treatment of your malady."

Mrs. Worth buried her diminutive body deep in the bed to hide from the fear and horror by which she felt herself assailed. The malicious creature talked scandal with avidity, but shrank with loathing from any attachment of scandal to herself. For this was not the first time that it had been intimated some species of restraint might prove salutary in her case. She dreaded the power of her husband's money and was acquainted with the inexorableness of his will. Besides she suspected herself that the fact was she was "queer."

"Then that is settled," concluded the great merchant, as he rubbed his little hands.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE FROWN OF THE GREAT.

Napoleon, the emperor, as por-

trayed by Balzac, haggled like a second lieutenant of artillery to gain a small advantage. Mr. Worth, the millionaire, never forgot for a moment the fact that it was upon his money the man, to whom he paid wages, lived. Moreover, when an individual offended him, he straightway generously ascribed to the unfortunate one an untrustworthy character and all manner of evil traits. As it was impossible for the great soldier ever to become a gentleman, so it was impossible for the great merchant to eradicate from himself the instincts of the small trader and of the Puritanic countryman.

Wytcherly was present at the luncheon table on the day following his employer's return. The latter took occasion to announce: "This will be the last time, I suppose, that all of us will gather here together. Wytcherly, I regret to inform you, is to leave us. He is very badly needed at the factory, and I promised to send him back at once."

It was news to Wytcherly. Nevertheless he had been conscious of a change, and, indeed, had experienced evidence of the shift in the wind that very morning, when a servant from the Castle had brought back his scrap-book of verses to the lighthouse.

A note accompanied the book. The note expressed Professor Byram's apprehension lest he might have wasted precious time upon a matter of inferiority. It intimated delicately, but none the less plainly, that, since Mr. Worth had decided to trouble himself no further concerning the publication of the poems, Professor Byram saw no reason longer to retain the scrap-book in his possession. The candid writer added that in the interest of truth he deemed it his duty to report to Mr. Wytcherly's patron a considered opinion of the merits of the verses, which opinion was that while excellent as popular doggerel the rhymes as poetry possessed no artistic merit.

"I received your letter," Wytcherly had informed Professor Byram as they were walking in to luncheon, "and admired the facility with which you can adapt your opinion to suit the changing wind of favour—characteristic equipment of the polite critic, I suppose.

"Oh, I have much too high an interest in true literature ever to be deterred from expressing my conscientious judgment upon the efforts of any of my acquaintances," the scholar had replied turning half of a cold shoulder to his fellow-guest.

Mrs. Worth, by whom Wytcherly was placed, out of the kindness of her heart, possibly endeavoured to cheer him. Yet of course she was aware that her disclosures to her husband accounted for the sudden revolution. "You mustn't mind Mr. Worth," she advised. "I suspect something has been said to prejudice him for the time, but when I get the chance I'll speak to him and smooth it right."

Mr. Worth spoke across the table. "Don't let Mrs. Worth condole with you, Wytcherly, because you are returning to the hot city. You had better tell her how much better off you have been than most of my clerks, who have worked right through the torrid weeks."

"I have been saying how much good has been done me by Ojibway island," replied Wytcherly. "They won't know me when I get back."

"Glad it's done you good," said the merchant. "Makes you so much the more able to pitch right in with special strokes for the firm." To the others: "I'm not sure but what more long vacations all around among my salaried men wouldn't pay in the long run."

"It is not your employees alone, Mr. Worth, who find in the climate of your island an admirable tonic," Professor Byram felicitously observed. "Overworked university professors would find it splendidly invigorating for their fagged intellects. In my own case the air has acted as nothing less than an inspiration. I assure you that since I have been here my critical faculty has literally been superseded by creative energy, and I have composed verses with all the zest of my glorious first years."

Miss Powell was eager to attest the miracle. "And tell them too, Hugo, that you have a novel started." She exhibited a proud face to the company. "Yes, indeed, he has confided his plot

to me, and I'm sure it's perfectly delicious. I ought to think so, oughtn't I, when I'm in it myself. Especially when I am to have the final vote how it is to end for the hero and—me."

The table laughed.

"I am greatly gratified to learn that a work of literature is being produced in Castle Caribou," stated Mr. Worth. "And I'll tell you what I'll promise, Professor Byram: you hurry up and complete the book and Patrice and I will look around for a publisher." He glanced at Wytcherly. "Your book, I am assured, will be distinguished by the polish of culture, and will not cause its sponsor to blush."

The professor enjoyed his triumph over Wytcherly. This appreciation by an ignorant and rich commercialist of the value of his prospective work, the superior pedagogue discovered to be exquisitely to his liking, even if repugnant to his taste. "I thank you for your generous estimation of my talents," he modestly responded. "But I sometimes question whether my work can hope to see the light of day. I do not even know that I would choose the glare of publicity for it. A minority, perhaps, might discern in it a beauty, but to the many it must remain *caviare*."

"So with Robert Browning, so with Walter Pater," chaunted Patrice in a highly mystic tone. Vivaciously: "It will be that way with you, Hugo, you have told me so yourself. Truly original authors, Uncle Worth, have always required a long interpretation before the world has understood their works or confirmed their fame."

"Well, fix it up between you, any way you like, you and the professor, Patrice, and when the time comes, call on me," concluded Mr. Worth expansively.

"I sincerely trust I may be able to meet the measure of your expectations," Professor Byram becomingly proclaimed.

"That's the way I like to hear a young man talk, modestly and self-respectingly—not in words which hide a second meaning, half a boast, half a sneer." The merchant perceptibly inclined his head towards Wytcherly. "Mark my word, you will succeed, Professor Byram. I have found that the same identical qualities win in every line, whether it's a profession or a business. You have chosen teaching in a university, haven't you; but I assure you, you would have done just as well, if you had happened to start with me. You are that sort of young man I am always looking for, and if you ever decide to abandon college for real life, you come to me and you'll get an opening."

The young professor squirmed under the honour of this Philistine recommendation, while the sight of gleeful Wytcherly did not help his comfort.

"To be sure you would succeed," the doggerel poet sneered. "Commercial sense's an instinct with you, so Mr. Worth unerringly discerns. Succeed? well, I should say. The same calculating talent you now devote to promoting culture among the intellectual lambs, applied to trade would shear the suckers like a harvesting machine. Mixed but lucid!"

Professor Byram, accustomed to deference, was at a loss to hurl a crushing retort. The merchant frowned and might have rebuked his underling, but Miss Powell did not give him time.

Tilting her pretty nose to the acute angle of disdain, she observed: "The newspaper and the university are separated by so many miles in ideals and decorum that a bread-and-butter journalist couldn't be expected to appreciate the sacrifices entailed by the higher intellectual life. Isn't that so, Uncle Worth?"

Wytcherly knew the loyal girl was but repeating her lover's words. So he forgave her. But he struck across her counter at Professor Byram: "You remember Heine's savagery perhaps—something about the finish made by the three enemies of Napoleon—one was hanged, one killed himself, and the third was still a professor at Göttingen."

A silence followed in which no one smiled. Then the pedagogue ventured correctively: "The reference is to Hegel, the great metaphysician, Hegel

who held a chair in Göttingen."

Wytcherly gasped. Against the gods, or ignorance, or pedantry, who can contend!

As Patrice passed out with Mr. Worth, she declared with girlish partisanship: "I think he's horrid, too common for words! What can Romaine see in him? And insulting to Hugo! Think of the presumption of addressing a university professor in the terms he did!"

As he was generally avoided on the terrace, Wytcherly was driven to Mrs. Worth's wheel-chair. "From fire back to frying pan may at times be a relief," he recognized with a grimace. "I wonder," smiled the lady, "whether I'm the only one among us who sees how clever you really are. But we are not going to talk of disagreeable things now. I wish you would tell me about your nephews and nieces, to whom you're so devoted, Mr. Worth says."

The man's bitter face changed softly.

"Oh, one can see where your heart is," observed the hostess. "Do tell me all about them please, I want to know."

Wytcherly was induced. He told of Joe and May and Jess and Bob, the oldest ten, the youngest two, of their small tricks and winning ways. He spoke also of what he hoped to do for them, of how much he found he loved them, of the difference they had made in his life. And as he talked the hard eyes of the childless woman softened.

"With such an uncle the dear things will be better off than with most fathers," she said. "Who would imagine to hear you rail, that your heart was so tender? I shall expect you to bring Joe and May and Jess and Bob to see me this winter. Who knows, perhaps I can be of some help to you. We will look up good schools for the oldest pair. Your Joe, I'm sure, will turn out an engineer, as you hope he will, and May must be the most motherly of little souls. Do you know I've a great mind to enact the part of fairy godmother in the lives of the poor dears."

Later she inquired: "Did you ever think to mention the little ones to Mrs. Eccleston?"

Wytcherly hesitated. "I don't know whether I ever did or not." The truth was that the condition recently imposed upon his life by their existence he had almost forgotten in the last few weeks.

CHAPTER TWENTY

IN WHICH GEORGE'S STOCK SINKS BELOW PAR.

When Mrs. Eccleston arrived late that afternoon to remain at the Castle over night, Patrice immediately inveigled her upstairs. "Such things I have to show you in my room," the girl whispered mysteriously, and drew her friend along.

"Yes, I've got some new frocks," Patrice admitted, when she had closed the door. "But no, it is not frocks I brought you in to see."

"You disappoint me, Apple blossom. If it isn't clothes, I don't know that I'm interested." The lady patted the cheek of her pet.

"Oh, if you insist, I'll show them to you," Patrice sighed. "Here, Shannon has spread them on the bed. That one is rather lovely, don't you think?"

"Child, you will be ravishing in this." Mrs. Eccleston touched the lace flummery with appreciation.

"Now do give the gewgaws a rest, and sit down by me." The girl pulled at her friend's arm. "It isn't ribbons that I want to talk about—it's men."

"You should have mentioned it, I'd not have delayed," consented Mrs. Eccleston with semblance of alacrity. "Your love affairs, the way you muddle them, are vastly more exciting than even New York gowns. I'm ready, fire away as the men say. It's George, I trust."

"Not George! You'd make it George every moment of the time," pouted the girl. Defiantly: "It's Hugo."

"Poor George," mourned his friend at court.

"Stuff! he's not poor George," asserted Patrice. "Hasn't he just everything except brains? And plenty of nice girls will love him without them."

"How can poor George be brainless when he has the sense to love you?" The question contained flattery.

The girl bridled. "But because he's been proposing to me every year since I was fourteen, doesn't signify I owe any duty to George."

"That he has done so argues in my opinion in all manner of ways for George. And you can be so comfortably sure that he is not influenced by your money, since he has so very much of his own."

"Romaine, you needn't imply that it's that with Hugo, because, poor chap, he has only the skimpy salary that intellect commands. I'll not listen to any such low-down insinuation for a moment, not even from you. Oh, you needn't smile—I'll convince you, I'll convert you, I'll make you own up to his sincerity, as well as get down on your knees to his genius."

"Very well," Mrs. Eccleston said coolly. "But first tell me please what poor George writes."

Patrice elaborately unfolded a letter, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks mantling with a maidenly blush. "This came this morning—it's from him. And oh Romaine, he says that I am making his life positively a torture. Isn't that just too dear and delicious!"

"Patrice, you are a wretch, a cruel heartless, little, idiotic wretch!" The lady's intention was to be severe, but she laughed outright despite herself. "Oh, our sex, our sex—foolish when we're pretty, and no better when we're old!"

"And," the girl continued delightedly, "he swears he means to keep on asking me until the very hour before the ceremony. Here is what the dear chap writes: 'You can put it down in black and white that no engagement will cut any ice with me. I am going to keep on asking you every minute until you are married. There is no professor or university of such can bluff me out.' "

"Bravo for his pluck!" cried Mrs. Eccleston. "I wouldn't surrender you to a professor either, if I were George."

"Oh, you will be sorry you disparaged my professor in a minute. Wait till I have shown you." The girl's eyes widened with her awe. "What do you think!—he's written a poem, the sweetest thing, a poem about *me*."

"Patrice, you are an infatuated goose!" Exasperated Mrs. Eccleston pinched the rounded arm, partly from affection, partly to hurt.

"Ouch, Romaine!" Patrice exclaimed. "If you don't behave, I won't tell you about the novel he is writing, too."

"I am subdued," the lady said.

"Are you for sure?" Patrice believed as much.—"It was inspired by me. To inspire a poet—isn't that glorious, Romaine?"

"More remarkable than glorious in this instance I should say."

"First I'll tell you all about the novel,"—the irony missed the girl—"and then I'll let you see the poem. You'll be worked up gradually."

"I'd much rather, sweet chicken, that you showed me your new things."

"Now don't be frivolous, Romaine. Listen: I'm in his novel. He says I am, and I recognize myself. The plot has to do with a young college professor."

"Naturally, a virtuous young professor."

"Romaine, I want to talk. He is dreadfully misunderstood, and he's terribly in love, but the heroine, who is rich and fashionable——"

"Professor Byram wouldn't condescend to any other heroine you may be assured."

"That's one whole mean remark, Romaine.—The heroine has suitors by the dozen, rich chaps, men of the world, cotillon leaders and that sort of trash, and you can imagine that the poor professor with his genius has an awful time——"

"Pray, show me the poem, child. The novel really is too much for me. It——"

"I will. Anyhow, you won't scoff at it; it will down your high and mightiness." The girl drew from her bosom a paper decorated with a lavender coloured bow.

"You seem to cherish it," observed Mrs. Eccleston.

Patrice flushed. "Why shouldn't I, since it is written about me.—There, take it, and see whether you can be nasty any more."

The lady read perfunctorily, while the girl exultantly watched. "I think that line about my being unkissed is just too dear," whispered she.

"It is wholly beautiful," Mrs. Eccleston confessed, as she laid the paper down. "Beautiful, and exquisitely sad."

"Oh, I knew it would make you cry —I did all night," triumphed Patrice. "But,"—she looked at her friend—"I didn't mean you should cry like that, so—so earnestly, Romaine." She slipped to her knees. "Don't dear. There, let me pet your hands. I told Hugo he ought to have written it to you—it's more your style—someone grand and fine and strong, not a wild-flower thing like me."

Mrs. Eccleston somewhat coldly disengaged herself. "Had we not better go down—Mr. Worth, I know, is waiting to talk to me.—Yes, child, it is true, he who wrote these lines, is possessed of the divine fire itself."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

HER INTEREST IS ENGAGED.

"My wife, as you better than anyone else can realize, is a good deal of a disappointment to me." Mr. Worth spoke sadly.

"A woman, who suffers as does Mrs. Worth, you must remember, is not always capable of doing herself justice." Mrs. Eccleston offered the obvious apology.

"Quite true," said Mr. Worth. "Exactly my point, in fact. A woman who suffers as she does, is unable to assume the position which I have made for her, and which I am justified in expecting my wife to be fitted to assume."

Mrs. Eccleston, seated before a cheerful fire in the Castle library, was toasting her toes enjoyably on the hearth, while her host, standing with his shoulders against the chimney-corner, inclined his white head confidentially.

"But she is a disappointment," he insisted. "Apart from her infirmity—"

"I am amazed myself by her amazing qualities," interrupted Mrs. Eccleston in the dryest tone. "To me she seems a most wonderful woman. She keeps herself interested in things and she never complains. I don't think I ever heard her once discuss her ailments."

Mr. Worth had expected sympathy. "A great deal can be said in her favour, it is true." He feigned magnanimity in order to base accusation. "Indeed it's only fair to acknowledge that for the early days Harriett suited admirably. She contributed not a little to my business start; she saved my money and helped me with the class of people on whom at that time my success depended. But she can't help me now; she is worse than no help at all; she is positively a drag. I could branch out socially in a large way, if she were equal to the opportunities open to the position I have made."

Mrs. Eccleston withdrew a foot from the heat. She felt the confidence distasteful. "Mrs. Worth is in every way a very worthy woman," she began.

"That's it, that's it," triumphantly asserted Mr. Worth. "You've hit the nail on the head, as you always do. That's just what she is, a worthy woman, and that's all. But what good is a wife who is merely a worthy woman to me now?—her homelike qualities are no aid to me socially. Harriett was cut out for a poor man's wife; but even if she were not sick, she wouldn't fill the bill today."

Mrs. Eccleston frowned in fine annoyance. "However, it was vastly more important that she should have proved the proper wife for you then, than that she should meet your latest expectations now." But her cold remoteness from the subject was not discoverable to the rich man.

"I suppose so," he somewhat grudgingly assented. "But it doesn't alter the practical inconveniences to which I'm put. For instance how entirely I am dependent on your taste at every turn."

"You know I am always charmed to do what I can." She welcomed a diversion, if the diversion could be made. "Is there anything just now you wished particularly to consult me about?"

"Well," the merchant brightened, "I

suspect there is. We were discussing, you remember, a while ago some scheme or other to make The Tower useful, to put it to some purpose——"

"Yes?"

"You suggested a dinner as the proper thing, and I have since been thinking out a plan to make it something very special, in fact unique."

"And that?"

"Three of the most prominent citizens of New York promised me in Chicago this week to accept my invitation up the lake. I promised them a dinner unlike any other, and to bring them up and take them back on the yacht."

"How delightful! And am I to see the gentlemen?"

"You are to do everything. You promised to supervise the whole affair."

"Did I? Then I will."

"Good. Then that is settled. Expense will not be considered—I want it done as it should be. And when money is no object, all that is required is management and taste. The latter I rely upon you absolutely to supply."

"Oh, we will make of it a grand success." She chose the phrase that he would best appreciate.

"I want it to be, Romaine. I want this dinner to turn out the most successful ever given in the West, as it will be the costliest."

"I will do what I can to meet your wishes," she engaged.

"But I haven't told you their names, the names of my promised guests." With the gusto of a sportsman boasting of his bag, the great Chicago merchant named the New York gentlemen: one a Wall Street banker of international prestige; another a financial captain and leader of society; a third the youthful inheritor of a great Knickerbocker fortune.

"No wonder you desire your dinner to surpass all dinners," she exclaimed in surprise.

"A quarter of a billion dollars will sit down at the table," he informed her.

She said after consideration: "I shall like to see these gentlemen, of whom one hears so much. I should like to hear them talk."

"I should like them to see you," he rejoined. "It makes me wish I had a wife who could preside."

"Let Mrs. Worth do so, and then I can be present too."

"What would the New Yorkers think of her?"

"Oh, I'll answer for that, never you fear. I'll engage for it you will not be ashamed for your women."

"We'll see, we'll see." Mr. Worth would not commit himself, but he smiled as if greatly pleased. "Bear in mind, however, that I rely upon you. I shall hold you responsible for the success of my dinner. I would not think for a moment of undertaking it, if I didn't have you to depend upon."

"Rather a large order, that, Mr. Worth," she laughed.

"You're equal to it; you can more than fill the bill. What I can accomplish in a business way, Romaine, you can socially. We make a great firm, we two."

"I merely have acquaintance with polite usages," she deprecated.

"That's it. You're to the manner born,—that accounts for it. It convinces me that a successful man, if he can't have it in his wife, ought at least to have it in his daughter. Fact is he cannot get along without it nowadays."

She mentioned later: "If you like, I shall be glad to make a little luncheon for your guests at Idlenesse."

"Just the thing. I would like them to see that we have people out here who know how as well as in New York. But the yacht is scheduled to lie off the Castle for the evening only, and right after dinner they will embark again to be taken to Grand Haven to catch their train."

"But all my woman's curiosity is aroused by these first gentlemen of New York."

"You shall see them, I promise you that. In fact, if you will only take hold vigorously and make the dinner a grand success, there is nothing I've got that you can't have, and nothing in the world that I won't do for you."

"Do not be too extravagant; for I may take you literally," she warned.

"Good. I will expect you to, if you succeed in opening those New Yorkers' eyes.

He observed the elation produced in her by his words. He rubbed his hands: "I see, I see. A society queen like you will amuse yourself about any way she can, until something really worthy of her talents comes along. Then it's all off with the sideshows, as they say."

She was thinking: "He can help me, if he will. If I arrange this dinner, I can command his aid."

(To be continued)

East and West

By Florence Hamilton Randal

"Western women are divided into two classes—those from the East who drink green tea, and those daughters of the West who quaff the black."
DAILY PAPER

COME, fair mistresses, drink my toast!
Creamy and light in this china cup.
Here's to the maids of whom we boast
Would they could give us bite and sup!

Would they could pledge us in green tea,
Every half hour throughout the day,
Let but some gossip be of me—
Here's to the dear Old Maids, I say.

Bonny are they of the golden west,
Yet we go back to the Girl who waits;
She brews the liquid we love the best,
She and Green Tea are our fates—our fates!

Ho, ye rovers, a toast, a toast!
Black though the brew, we drink with zest,
Here's to the lasses of whom we boast,
Here's to My Lady of the West.

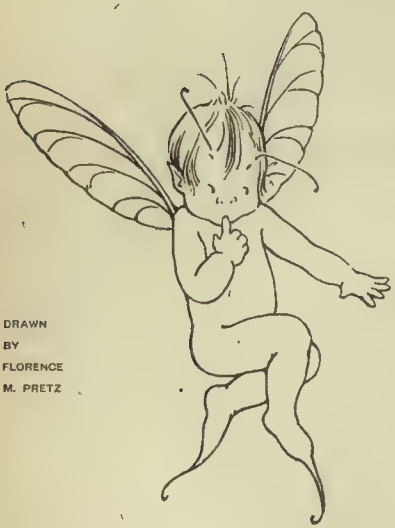
"Tea, just tea for the likes of us?
Roysterers, freed from the mine at night—"
Each—or he's mighty adventurous—
Drinks this tea, and drinks it right!

Fair are they of the spellbound East,
Fair, and sometimes we love them yet—
Drink, ye Legion of the Released,
Drink Black Tea, and Forget—Forget!

Billiken in the Nasturtium Vine

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

I THINK SHE GAVE HIM A KISS

A STORY? A fairy story? Why, of course! I'll tell you about the little Nasturtium Girl and the time Billiken went to sleep.

Well, once-upon-a-time there was a little fat elf named Billiken, playing out in the sunshine with a great blue butterfly. They played and they played and they played, until the big blue butterfly grew tired and flew away. So Billiken curled himself up under a grass-blade and went to sleep.

And when he woke up, it was raining! And there wasn't a toad-stool within half a mile of his grass-blade! And his mamma had put a pair of clean wings on him just that morning!

"Oh-me! oh-my!" he said. "Whatever am I going to do now?"

"I'll lend you an umbrella if you'll come over here," said a little voice. So he looked around, and there was a pretty little Nasturtium Girl peeping out at him from under a big leaf. So he scampered over between drops, and the Nasturtium-Girl gave him a drink of honey from her long-necked pitcher. Then she escorted him to the 'way-up-high seat, just under one of her big green umbrellas where they stayed till the rain was quite over.

Oh yes, of course he said "Thank you" before he flew away, and I'm not quite sure, but I very much think the Nasturtium-Girl gave him a kiss too.

DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

THE NASTURTIUM GIRL GAVE HIM A DRINK OF HONEY FROM HER LONG-NECKED PITCHER

WARMAN IN THE SUMMER OF 1906

Warman

Where the Railroads Come Together

By Robert C. McPherson

THE railroads made Warman. Had it not been for the railroads there never would have been any "Warman, Saskatchewan." There would certainly have been one of the finest agricultural districts in the West with large farm buildings and prosperous farmers and happy families, but no town of Warman where the present town of that name stands. This fertile, wealthy, prosperous farming country would have been tributary to other towns which are older than Warman, but which are small to-day compared with it. But the coming of the railroads made all the difference in the world. And it was not the coming of one railroad that did the work, but two railways perfected the situation.

First came the Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, now owned by the Canadian Northern, originally known as the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Valley railroad—but this did not bring Warman into existence, though other little hamlets did spring up in the neighborhood. And for fifteen long years railway trains rumbled and roared over the site of the future town of Warman, without stopping to drop a passenger off or take one on, without thinking that the time was ever coming when it would be compelled to do so, without ever dreaming that some day it would be confronted with a huge sign "STOP," which meant that this place was a railway junctional point, and here all trains, no matter whether through or local, must pull up and await orders. But that day did come nevertheless, and its coming was with the advent of the Canadian Northern. The main line of this enterprising, aggressive and pioneering railway built right through the heart of the country from Winnipeg to Edmonton, right through that valley of magic where gold, the purest and hardest and brightest gold, grows by the acre and is shipped out by the car-load, the Sas-

katchewan Valley—right through this great territory the Canadian Northern built its great trunk line and at a hitherto unknown point it crossed the branch of the Canadian Pacific already referred to—and Warman came at last into being.

That is Warman, the junctional point of the Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Northern Railway with the main line. Sounds rather big and important—doesn't it? Well, so it is.

And its importance is growing; it is not many months since those railways crossed and thus made Warman. And how can one tell that Warman will be a place of importance? The answer is, by analogy. Can a single place be named on the main line of a Canadian railway where another branch line crosses it—and that point of crossing has not become important? Can a single place be named on any railway where a junctional point of that kind has been made, and where that place has not become important? The exceptions only prove the rule. And so it is but reasonable to infer that Warman on the main line of a great transcontinental railway will speedily assume very considerable importance, not merely in the railway, but in the wholesale and retail commercial worlds.

And further, when it is considered what important towns and cities lie along the railroads which unburden their loads of passengers at Warman, the conviction of its importance in the near future grows upon us. Travelers from Winnipeg and all intervening points going either to Prince Albert or to Saskatoon by the Canadian Northern, must stop off at Warman. Passengers from Edmonton coming by this favorite route to either of these cities must do the same. Thus it is seen that Warman is the transfer point for all traffic over certain lines between several of the most important towns and cities of the great West.

But these are not the only railroads which Warman hopes in the near future to be able to boast. Everybody has heard of the Hudson's Bay railroad, which has been talked about for many years, has met with all kinds of encouragements and discouragements, but which at last appears to be on the verge of realization. This road Warman is not only ambitious, but hopeful of obtaining. And the prospects seem good.

Warman is the only point of importance on the main line of the Canadian Northern for a very considerable distance east and west. It has the added advantage of being on the Prince Albert branch, which would in this way become a feeder of the Hudson's Bay route; and then, further, Warman lies on the direct road which the Hudson's Bay railway would take in being built from Erwood to Calgary or Medicine Hat, towards either one of which it is certainly heading.

And in addition to all this there is yet one other weighty reason—weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of one million dollars, which is quite a weighty consideration even for a railway company—why the Hudson's Bay road should come to Warman; and that reason is that the Canadian Northern already have a bridge over the south Saskatchewan at Clark's Crossing, just three miles from Warman and if the Hudson's Bay railway comes to Warman it can use this same bridge; if it makes for any other point north or south of Warman it will necessitate the erection of another costly bridge. So the Hudson's Bay railway is almost certain to land in Warman.

And there is yet another road which must come. Someday there will be a railway run through that fertile stretch of country between Warman and Fort Carlton on the North Saskatchewan. Carlton is the oldest place in all this region of country and it has long been known as being of surpassing fertility. It is the first headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company and is older than even Prince Albert. It was a place of great importance when Prince Albert was only a minor post. At the time of the half-breed rebellion of 1885 it was destroyed, and it never again gained its pristine prominence. But this fact could not injure the natural resources of the soil nor depreciate its fertility. And growing the great

quantity of fine wheat which it does it must have a railroad, and all proposals for such a road that I have ever seen make Warman one of the terminal points.

And thus Warman is fast becoming a railroad center of no small importance A regular "sunburst of railroads" centers here—if we may be permitted to use such an expression. This alone will make Warman a busy place. If she gets nothing but her railroads Warman should be a town of perhaps three thousand. If she secures a portion of the wholesale traffic of the West, which her excellent railway facilities give us reason to expect, she may grow to be indefinitely larger than that figure.

And with such railway facilities, and with such commercial prospects, with a magnificent agricultural country surrounding her on all sides, with some of the most beautiful drives in the country through the valley of the South Saskatchewan, and the high hills and deep ravines of its banks, it is certainly one of the most healthy, convenient and delightful residential towns that can be found in the province.

The King's Fool

By William J. Niedig

A Fool it was, and took his Soul
Within his hollowed hands;
He took his Soul and smoothed it calm,
And loosed its strained bands.

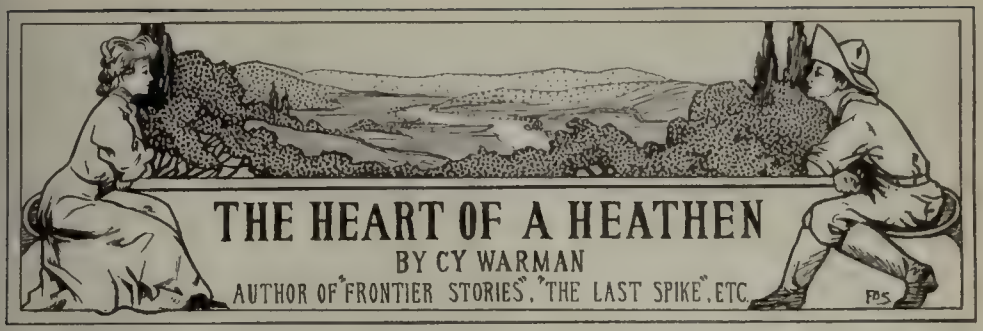
"O Soul," he cried, "you bear the stain
Of chain-gyves interwove!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"It was the friend I love."

"O Soul, you have a flaming brand
Burned on your nakedness!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"That was a pure caress."

"O Soul, a fissure shows your heart
Like wound of bloody sword!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"That was a friendly word."

"O Soul, you shrink within my hand,
I scarce see where you be!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"A woman pitied me."

The Fool laid down his Soul and wept,
And knelt him down beside;
He soothed and questioned all the night,—
No Soul of him replied.



THE HEART OF A HEATHEN

BY CY WARMAN

AUTHOR OF "FRONTIER STORIES," "THE LAST SPIKE," ETC.

ONE winter's morning, when the snow had shrouded the Wasatch Mountains and work on the Western had closed down for the time, Johnson, Botts and Bannihan, professional peg-setters, found themselves stranded in Salt Lake City. The month's wages they possessed would last not more than a little while.

"What shall we do to be saved—until spring?" asked Botts of Bannihan, and the latter gave it up. It looked like the workhouse or jail for the trio. While the two men sat brooding in the twilight Johnson came in and they put it up to him.

"When you are with the Mormons do as the Mormons do—get married," said Johnson. "I'm doubleheading out of the tabernacle at high noon, Saturday, next," he continued: "Saturday is Sunday, in our church."

"It beats working" said Botts. Bannihan pounded his knee with his cap and smiled audibly.

"We'll board with you," suggested Botts.

"Not on me," Johnson answered. "I said *with* you."

"It's all the same. There'll be no room. I have seven mothers-in-law and one child."

The two derelicts sat staring mutely one at the other. It was Botts who broke the hush. "Let us go thou and do likewise."

"I thremble," said Bannihan, "'Tis wan thing to be broke, alone, a stranger in a strange land, but when ye're married it's two. An' 'still there's more to follow,' as the song says. In this happy land of miscellaneous marriages a man's family runs up like a multiplication table, and when ye die ye leave nothing to be divided between ye're legal heirs and ye're lawyers. 'Tis this and the thought of this, that makes me hesitate like an angel fearing to thread."

"Coward," hissed Johnson, as he left the tent.

When the two men were alone together they mused on the morrow which was fish day and the one day intervening between them and Saturday—wedding day, at which time they hoped to feast.

At length the good day dawned and at the wedding they each met their fate.

Botts got a buxom bride from a ranch near town, Bannihan a straw-haired fairy from the foothills. She had been throned on the "float" as "Queen of the May" at Provo junction, and the effect had been to turn her poor little head and start her down the skids for the "stage."

Being helpless and homeless like Bannihan, she took him, for better or worse, and they began to lean on each other.

Of course when it came down to cases, Bannihan would not sit idle and see his little "sunbeam" starve. They were building the Temple at the time and the men got work. Bannihan was assigned to a spotted steer hitched to a stone-sled and when the sunbeam saw him following the ox she was shocked. It was unprofessional, and she sent him away to Ogden to find work becoming an "engineer."

Bannihan came back in ten days and found the following note pinned to the tent-flap.

"Dear Benny: Don't scold and *don't* drink. It just kills me to see you, an engineer, *my* engineer doing drudgery. It will wound you sore, I ween, to read this, but when I tell you that I have a perfectly heavenly job, I know you'll forgive. I'm going away with the Uncle Tom's cabin company. Bye-bye,

Your "Little Eva."

After that blow Bannihan drifted with the swelling tide of immigration to the Canadian West—the Last West, leaving his comrades more or less happily married and well watched by their multitudinous mothers-in-law. He ranched in Alberta and prospected in B. C., but without endangering his prospect of dying decently poor.

Bannihan's next job was with Orsdal at Edmonton. He was to report to Smith, the Silent, whose real name is Jones. After counting his spoons carefully for the third time,and cautioning him to be careful with the company's property, Orsdal gave Bannihan his blessing and a letter to the Pathfinder and headed him for the Upper Athabasca.

There was a rule on the Grand Trunk Pacific that all matrimonial alliances were to be postponed until the last spike was driven. Of course no one ever mentioned it, but there existed this understanding from the general manager down. It was a sort of unwritten law—incomprehensible and awful—and it went.

Naturally Bannihan denied himself, along with the rest. It was all very well in the second summer, when day dawned shortly after midnight and there were eleven hours of afternoon, but in the short December days—through the long, long northern nights, Bannihan, keeping camp between the Coast Range and the Rockies, found the hush of his cabin killing.

One day there came to the camp a good, kindhearted Cree Indian who said at once, that it was a shame for the peg-setter to be alone when he had a house full of women. He ended by offering the Irishman the pick of the flock, but Bannihan, remembering the Sunbeam with her beautiful wheat-hued hair, "going to heaven" every night, shuddered and shook his head. He was much obliged, he said, but he was not fit to marry this maid of the wild, and the Indian went away.

News of the nearness of the unmarried man spread, as news will even in the wilderness, and on the following Sunday the Cree came back, bearing with him a whole harem on horseback. The fact that these Indians had horses in their own right attested their standing in the tribe. They all had dinner with Bannihan, one particularly interesting girl sitting next to the host and stealing side glances at the fine face of the young Irishman.

When they had packed up and were ready to take the back trail the Cree, pointing at the comely girl, grunted: "This one?"

Bannihan was surprised—it was so sudden—but managed to thank the Cree and offer his hand to the girl—not for life, but just to say good-bye.

Something in the sad wistful eye of the Indian girl, the warm clasp of her plump hand, the last backward glance at the home cabin—something or many things—stirred the red blood of Bannihan and made him stand and stare after the trailers, until they reached a bend in the trail and disappeared down the river.

Long he sat in the almost interminable twilight, thinking, thinking, thinking. A brown bird came down and dined upon his rude table while a tiny wood-mouse crept up and gathered the crumbs about hob-nailed boots. Presently, in the dusk, a deer came out of a clump of jack-pine and passed so near that he could hear her startled breathing at sight of him, and count the spots on the side of her fawn, and the prongs on the antlered buck who came bounding after his precious family. And then, though it was not yet dark, Bannihan, unspeakably lonely, sought the quiet of his couch and drifted into dreams of an Eveless Eden in the heart of the wild where the deer and the bird, the moose and the woodmouse, mated and multiplied while the Adam lorded it alone.

Two days dawned and died, and then

Painted for The Canada West by E. D. Schwalm

AND SO SHE HAD LEFT HIM—INFINITELY MORE LONELY THAN SHE HAD FOUND HIM

in the twilight of the third day the dusky daughter of the gentle Cree came to Bannihan's cabin, bringing gifts and peace offerings from her father and a pouch of pemmican on her own account. Bannihan had harbored a goodly number of Cree words and these he employed now to thank the girl for her kindness. He warmed the beans, fried some speckled trout, boiled coffee and set a feast for his visitor. Like all Crees she could talk much better and much more entertainingly than the average Indian. Her father, who was brother to a noted chief, was a celebrated orator, given to fine phrases and poetic flights.

As the Irishman and the Indian sat face to face over their fish bones, it occurred to the man that he did not know the maiden's name. He asked and she answered with a string of short words that, in type, would resemble a train of dinkey dump cars, with link couplings. He wondered what it all meant and managed to ask her. Her dark face brightened as she made him understand that it meant, first, a bird, a little bird, a little singing bird, and finally he gathered it all. "Call me," she said in Cree, "for short, Nick-Kah-Moo-We-Hea-Yah-Cess, 'a singing bird.' "

And then, as she went on telling him how she happened to be named so—how she happened to be—her face grew almost beautiful.

"Many years ago," she began (she was all of eighteen), "my father and my mother lived alone in the wilderness. They were young, then, my father and my mother—young as you and I—and they were very, very lonely and they asked Wes-a-ka-chack to send them a little papoose to keep my mother company when my father went into the forest to tend his traps. This was in the moon of the golden leaf, and then came the snow and the trapping time, and when my mother was much alone she prayed to Wes-a-ka-chack to hurry up with the baby she had asked for. And when the ice went out and the wild geese came back there came a great white swan, whiter than the snow and more beautiful, my mother said, than any other bird, and it brought to my mother—well, me, only not like I am now—just a little bird-with-no-wings, she said, and so she called me.

"After that my mother was very happy and so, in our house, Wes-a-ka-chack is loved and worshipped. And that is why we find it hard to follow the mission man who comes over from Dunvegan to ask us to close our house and our hearts to Wes-a-ka-chack and worship the spirit which the white man worships. It is not an easy thing to turn against the God of our fathers, who has always been good to us, who, long before the white man came, kept us in the hollow of his hand, just as I would hold the egg of a bird. Do you think," she asked eagerly, leaning toward him, "the white man's God would send *us* a little papoose if we asked him?"

"Quien Sabe—I don't know," said Bannihan, who remembered that this dusky damsel did not speak Spanish.

"But Wes-a-ka-chack," she said with the faintest hint of a smile about the mouth, "*he* would."

And when Bannihan only gazed upon her wistful face, showing no interest in her, her God or the gift he could give, she crept toward him leaning on the little table, and asked: "Have you wife—somewhere?"

"I had—once," he stammered.

"Where is she now?"

Bannihan, remembering his "Little Eva," half smiled as he pointed upward. To undertake with his limited Cree vocabulary to explain how, and why and all the rest of it, would have been a hopeless task, so he handed her a large white lie and let her go on.

"Was she beautiful—beautiful white skin, so?" and she touched his face.

"Fairer—a thousand times fairer than I," he answered, glad to be able to tell her the truth this time.

After that she sat silent for a space, then asked if he still loved the other one who was fair and beautiful, and when he said he was trying to forget, she hinted innocently that she would help him.

By this time Bannihan had come to the conclusion that he ought to send this guileless child of the wild back to

her camp, and, rising, he suggested, pointing to the West, that it was growing dark.

"O, be not afraid," she said putting a plump hot hand in his; "Wes-a-ka-chack watches over me always and he will let no harm come to you, for he knows that I love you, that you are mine, even as I am yours."

Bannihan, flushing, stood up and took her hands in his and said, gently, that she must go.

"Then you don't—you do not—*want* me?" she asked withdrawing her hands and stepping back.

"Why—," he stammered, sweeping the room with his right hand, "there's no room for a woman—here."

The girl came slowly up to the big Irishman, touched his broad breast with the tip of her brown finger and said, significantly, "No room *here*?"

She peered into his bewildered face and repeated, tapping his chest three times, "No—room—here. We Crees have a word—a pretty saying, which we say to all, even to the tired stranger who peeps into our tent, 'Peen-de-cain-pa-ta-waugh,' and it means come in, plenty of room, always room. What is the word of the white man," she asked in Cree, "which means 'no room?' "

This was entirely too much for the warm-hearted Irishman and he reached impulsively for the Indian. With a slight movement of her supple body she avoided him and passed, noiseless as a shadow, from the room.

Bannihan, recovering from his surprise, started to follow, calling to her to stop, but she gave no heed. He watched her, as he had watched the others, until she disappeared behind the bluff. Then he filled his pipe, sat down and began to think, and think and think.

The days came and went—the long sunny summer days—and the more he tried to forget the more he remembered the Indian girl. Naturally her flight only made him all the more interested in her. And then, too, her simplicity, her innocence and her blind unquestioning faith in the God of her fathers was beautiful and inspiring. And she was wise, too, not with the wisdom of the world, but she knew, without having been taught, what love was, and knew that if there were no room in the heart there would be no room in the *hogon*, and so she had left it and him, leaving him infinitely more lonely than she had found him.

And where was the Sunbeam—Little Eva—what of her? In his church once married, always married, and while he was not sure as to the binding of the Mormon ceremony, he would not take the risk.

One day an Indian messenger came running by with despatches from Orsdale at Edmonton, mostly for Smith, but one was for him, ordering him to report to the Silent One at Dunvegan. This pleased him immensely, for he could now see Father also, the priest, at that post, and find out just how matters stood. Father also told the Irishman that the Mormon ceremony was nil and not to worry, but get married and try to convert the heathen at once, reminding him that, so far, there were no Irish half-breeds in his diocese.

"Convert her!" repeated Bannihan, and then seeing the dark frown on the Father's face he cowered "Yes—certainly, Father, certainly."

It was the moon of the golden leaf when Bannihan called at the camp of the Cree. "Come in," they said to him, "there is plenty of room," and he went in and lodged with them, finding his own blankets, of course, according to the law of the West.

The Bird came in and greeted him, as though they parted but yesterday, with a scarcely perceptible nod. He watched her as she moved about the lodge, helping her mother to prepare the evening meal, her sad, yet gentle, almost melancholy face showing no sign of interest in him, which made him all the more anxious to know her, to understand her silence.

In the twilight, shorter now than when first they met, she went out and sat by the bank of a little stream that tumbled out of the wilderness and spilled its crystal waters on the broad breast of the Athabasca that caught it and hushed it and smothered its glad

song into a hoarse whisper, as, grand, irresistible and awful, it swept onward down to the northern sea.

And so had she been singing, her soul attuned to the voice of the wild, when this white man crossed her trail. She had rejoiced and gloried in the mere fact of being, and then the current of their lives flamed together. For a brief moment she had been thrilled at sight of him, and then when she gave him, without his knowledge or consent, her heart, when she was about to throw herself upon him as the laughing rill had thrown itself upon the mighty river, he had put her coolly aside. And now he had come to her, but not for her. No, she would not deceive herself. He had merely called in passing, to rest and sleep.

For hours, down through the deepening twilight, she sat dreaming out a long,rose-tinted,sun-kissed might-have-been, until her youthful, unspoiled heart woke her with its wild beating. His very presence seemed to sweeten and soften things. The knowledge that he was near was like the unexpected touch of a soft, warm hand in the dark. Above her head, a wakeful bird wailing for night to fall knocked his head and sang short snatches of the only song he knew, then tucked his head under his wing and tried to make himself believe it was really night.

Now it was nearly midnight and she rose, drunken with love, that mysterious intoxicant, and turned toward her tent. Under a tree near the lodge her muffled foot touched something soft, and glancing down, the outline of a blanket-bed grew out of the dark, and presently a man's upturned face. The moon that had been hiding behind a cloud came out and showed the handsome face of her white god. At sight of him, there at her feet, her heart leaped, her head swam, her soul cried out to Wes-a-ka-chack, to help her to hold him. And then like the cruel awakening from a sweet dream, came the killing recollection that he had sent her from him. Noiselessly as a cat guards a kitten she sank beside him, kneeling. She crouched above him and absorbed him. She hovered over and about him, caressing him with her hungry eyes and pouring out to him the silence of her soul. Now she began to covet him. Wes-a-ka-chack had sent him to her to have and to hold and she would hold him. Ah, even to die with him were sweet. By this time her wild blood was raging. She would hold out her hands to him as a mother reaches for her tottering child, her hot heart-blood tingling down to her finger tips that almost touched his face She longed to throw her troubled self upon his quiet breast and then she remembered that there was "no room" there. O, why did Wes-a ka-chack, who made this wilderness, not set among the myriads of wild flowers one poisonous plant? If only she had something to swallow that would still the cry of her beating heart, hush the thumping in her dazed head, that she might flow into his peaceful slumber, as the troubled rill joined the Athabasca, and then they could dream on together into that mysterious hereafter in the land where there is always room. They would come and find them there, side by side and they would build one wide grave by the banks of the Athabasca, and there, at least, would be plenty of room. And there, according to her wild fancy, they would sleep and dream with the low winds sighing in the cedars and the great wide river singing a requim that would never cease. Her troubled soul, soaring into a strange new world, would whirl and scurry as a kite caught in conflicting currents tugs at the string. She was ready at once to die for him or to take his life with her own hands, kissing his wounds and smothering his last breath as her pale sister would drink the fragrance of a dying rose crushed by the wild caress of the lover who had lain it upon her chaste breast. She wondered why Wes-a-ka-chack had sent this white man to her in the heart of the wild. Was it only to awaken in her this new incomprehensible hunger, and then leave her to starve and die alone? No, that was not the way of the God of Crees. He was for her—here and hereafter. By now she was mad. Above all rose the thought that

he must not escape. Instinctively her hand went to her belt and grasped the handle of the hunting knife which had been given her by the factor at Dunvegan upon the occasion of her one peep out of the wilderness. The touch of the cold steel caused a shudder to shake her, and she turned again to Wes-a-ka-chack, who had watched over her always, who had sent the wounded moose to stop and stay the hunger of the wolves when they were chasing her; who had caused a bough to break above her head one summertime and the leaping lynx to miss his dive.

She sat erect and listened to the wild beating of her heart, but Wes-a-ka-chack was silent Once more she bent over him. A tear—the first her eyes had known—crept down her dark lashes and fell upon his face. Slowly he opened his eyes and saw her face above him and the bright blade, uplifted, glistening in the moonlight. He thought rapidly, as men learn to think who dwell in the wild, as engine-drivers who drill the darkness at eighty miles an hour. And in that fragment of a moment, he remembered the hurt, wild look in her innocent eyes when he put her from him in his own house. He controlled himself and breathed naturally the while the naked knife hovered over his heart. He pretended to close his eyes and then at one bound tossed the blankets over her and stood up. The girl stood still, staring at him as if recovering from the effect of a stunning blow. Above her own heart's beating she heard him breathing tremulously and deep. He held out his hands to her, as she had reached and yearned for him while he slept. She took one step forward; then noticing the knife still in her hands, she tossed it from her.

"Come," said Bannihan, in Cree, and she took one more short step, "Come," he repeated, "there is room." She threw herself into his arms and lay quivering and softly sobbing on his broad breast precisely as a white woman might sob.

American Interests in Canada; Canada's Interest in Americans

By Ernest Cawcroft

THE continuance of the comment following in the wake of the diplomatic visit of Secretary of State Root to the Canadian capital directs attention to the increasing interest of Americans and America in the Dominion. Business and blood are combining to promote harmonious political and commercial relations between the two predominant nations of the Northern Continent. This tourist ambassador's personal visit to Halifax signalized the oncoming of a clearer vision of the mutual purposes and needs of the United States and the Dominion.

Any commentary by a Yankee upon the commercial interests of the two nations must be preceded by the frank acknowledgment that this Republic has been deceived in the past in seeking to find a basis for profitable trade between the nations in a movement for annexation, conquest, or political alliance. It is well to bear in mind that the French predominated in those provinces of the eastern portion of the Dominion which were the key to this vast domain during the days of our Revolution; and that the United Empire Loyalists, as the people were called who left New England because

of a lack of sympathy with the purposes of the Revolution, were the ancestors of the then and present rivals of the French. The statesmen of the Revolutionary era overlooked these facts then on that needless day of 1778 that witnessed the insertion of a clause reading that "Canada acceding to this Confederation, shall be admitted into and enjoy all the advantages of this Union; but no other colony shall be admitted into the same unless such admission be agreed to by the nine states." This was followed by a proviso in the treaty of alliance with the French by which the United States was allowed to make a dependency of Canada should the Union forces see fit to reduce the fortresses and capture the towns which held the key to the populated eastern seaboard above the St. Lawrence. The feeling thus engendered by official action continued to the very days of the Cival War, when raids of various kinds by the citizens of the other nation on each; Indian fights which did not recognize the international line in their conduct; and unnecessary jingoism on each side of the border revived the spirit of fight after every interval of peace. Then on the second day of July, 1866, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives reported a measure in effect providing that when the Secretary of State should be informed that Great Britain and the several provinces of Canada accepted the proposition of annexation, the President should declare by proclamation that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Lower Canada, Upper Canada, and the territories of Selkirk, Saskatchewan and Columbia should be admitted into the United States as states and territories. This bill was not adopted, of course, but the fact that it did not pass never lessened the ire of those whose hearts were touched and they found confirmation of their views or prejudices when on the twenty-seventh day of March, 1867, a resolution was passed in the House of Representatives without opposition to the effect that the people of the United States regarded with extreme solicitude the Confederation proposed on the northern frontier without the assent of the people of the provinces to be confederated, such a measure being likely to increase the embarassment already existing between Great Britain and the United States.

It was under these circumstances and with this tendency of public sentiment to irritate the two nations that the plan of Dominion Confederation was completed during the year 1867 The success of this plan of uniting the several provinces placed on the map a veritable empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Circle, including an area greater than that of the United States and a fertile acreage sufficient to feed every mouth in the British Empire. Thus arose a rival nation; there was placed before the sons of men the greatest possible wheat area on earth and under the beneficent rule of a free nation; and as these lands were populated and cultivated, as the farms of Saskatchewan and the cities of Alberta were connected with the ports of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the farseeing men of this Republic realized that the States were confronted with an increasingly formidable trade rival.

While the school geographies and the Fourth of July orators have been instilling the pre-revolutionary notion of annexation, Canada has been populating the prairies of the Last West. While historians have been recalling the days when the United States was willing to take the provinces as dependent colonies; and academic essayists have been discussing the hour when the Dominion will sever the ties which bind the people to the British throne, the Canadians, eschewing international politics, have developed in less than a score of years such trading centers as Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Medicine Hat, and Vancouver.

This recital of the political jingoism, which has served to keep the two nations apart, may be disagreeable reading. It is not so disagreeable, however, as finding the outlines of this sentiment in touring Canada from the

Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast and as far north as Edmonton, that last town on the frontier. The writer has called attention to the political foundation and continuance of this adverse sentiment because it will impress upon the reader the conviction of impartial Canadians that the promotion of the mutual trade and civic interests of the two nations must not be through talk of annexation or alliance, but through mutual respect, reciprocal exchange and common understanding.

Remembering that these people of the same common Mother guard their national entity with the zealous eye of their cousins in the States; acknowledging that this talk of the United States annexing Canada is as futile as the whimsical Canadian suggestion that the Dominion annex the United States; and realizing that while Canada nominally adheres to the British Crown, an independent financial and tariff system assure a commercial liberty as large in scope as is afforded in this Republic—we may turn to a consideration of those elements and interests in other fields which will promote a closer relationship between the two nations.

The common-land-hunger of the Anglo-Saxon is the key to the situation. We may award the palm of discovery and adventure to the French and the Spanish, but the prizes of settlement follow in the wake of the English. The vast area of vacant land in Canada has afforded and is affording an outlet for the overcrowded counties of England and the continental portions of Europe. The causes and results of our Civil War impressed upon the Canadians the need for the commercial and political uniting of the East with the West. Following the Confederation about the year 1867, the Canadian statesmen realized that a continuance of the plan on a successful basis was only possible through connecting Halifax with the future ports of British Columbia. A charter was granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway; a money bounty and a land grant extending across the three thousand miles of continent were awarded the project; twenty-one years ago the railway arrived at the present site of Vancouver, thus having connected the many settlements west of Winnipeg with the harbors of the Pacific and the Atlantic.

Two years ago, in investigating commercial conditions in the British Isles, the writer was impressed with the increasing interest displayed by Englishmen in the Dominion. Crowded with a population exceeding four hundred to the square mile, the residents of Yorkshire and Lancashire revived the land-hunger inherent in the race, and Canada taking advantage of this situation, populated the millions of vacant acres and in turn transported the grain raised on the fertile fields of Alberta to the Atlantic seaboard, and thence to Europe to feed the factory-workers of the great industrial centers. This movement of population from Europe to Canada has developed until it has become one of the startling economic forces of the present century.

Canada's population of over seven millions is spread over an area greater than that of the United States; and the older farmers of the American West, appreciating the advantages of their earlier migration, are encouraging their sons to locate in that region of Western Canada which boasts of only three persons on an average to every two miles of fertile territory. That this stimulus has borne fruit is proved by the fact that last year over eighty thousand Americans became Canadian settlers. During the preceding year over fifty thousand made entries; and ever since the nineties the annual exodus of Yankees has varied between twenty and forty thousand souls. These Yankees are not poor disheartened farmers coming from the abandoned farms of New England, or the partly exhausted agricultural sections of the Middle West. Statistics show that during the past year twenty settlers came from states like Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other fruitful sections of the West to every one from New England.

Now this English and American migration spells Opportunity. Since the building of the first railway, plans have been made for a network of roads through the Dominion. The Canadian Northwest has passed from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and to-day the Grand Trunk Pacific's young men are drawing their tape lines across the continent to Prince Rupert, that coming Liverpool of the Pacific. As America is digging its big canal, Canada begins the twentieth century, which, according to her optimistic Premier, is to be *her* century, by commencing to build a new National Highway that shall not only shorten the run around the world, but lessen materially the time across this continent.

Only seven years ago a poem in the *New York Sun* began: "Six sleeps in a sleeper to Montreal, and a moon or so to the end of the line," but when the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is being built partly by the Dominion Government and partly by the Grand Trunk, is completed, it will be but three sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal to Prince Rupert, the model city which is to be the western terminus of the new road. The railway, which builds the western half, but is to operate the whole system at least for fifty years, has employed expert engineers and landscape gardeners to map out and measure this unborn metropolis of the northern coast before a foot of land is offered to the public. There will be land set aside for shops and wharves as well as for all public buildings, so that before a house is erected, it will be possible for a man with an imagination to look upon the plan and see the future great city standing majestically on the picturesque shore, to hear the Chinook Limited coming out of the hills and see the great white ships coming and going through the mile-wide road that leads from the land-locked harbor to the open sea.

In time of war, with Canada protected on the north by the North Pole and on the south by the Stars and Stripes, England can rush troops from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a little over three days along this almost level line now building. Nowhere will the grade reach one per cent. or even one-half of one per cent., and it will reach the crest of the continent at an altitude 3,000 feet below the city of Denver and nearly a mile below the Tenisee Pass where the Denver & Rio Grande crosses the Great Divide. What a boon will this Line of Least Resistance be to Great Britain! When the company puts its fast liners on the Atlantic, it will be only about six sleeps from Queenstown to Prince Rupert, which is five hundred and fifty miles nearer Yokohama than any other Canadian or American port. Assuredly this Grand Trunk Pacific will be the short cut to the Orient in years to come.

Nor does the development of transportation facilities stop here. The Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern are reaching out long arms into new territory; Jim Hill is credited with an ambition to project an eighteen hundred mile road in Canada; canals are being mapped or constructed which will lessen the distance from Fort William, that grain-port of the Dominion, to the Atlantic seaboard, and now a more courageous soul has projected a railroad which purposes to connect the wheat fields of Alberta with Fort Churchill, that port on Hudson's Bay which is two hundred miles nearer the Liverpool elevators than is afforded by any other route from the Atlantic Coast.

Here then, is the point of this mixing of the Yankees and the Englishmen, amidst the fruits of the Canadian continent—a basis is afforded for a reunion of the two peoples on a plane of mutual self-respect, and that reunion spells opportunities for increased commerce, widespread development and the creation in Canada, as Lord Strathcona has predicted, of an empire as wonderful as the American Republic.

Every time a Yankee from the Northwest settles in Canada, it means that there is another person in the Dominion prejudiced in favor of American agricultural machinery and the products of New England factories. It is estimated that every incoming settler is worth a thousand dollars to

the Dominion; and it is a fair conclusion that the business men of this Republic may share in that increment by adopting the latest methods of directing the attention of the settlers to the excellence of the goods manufactured in the United States. Americans are located in every center of Canada from the towns along the Canadian Northern to the three million acres irrigated by the Bow River in the vicinity of Calgary. This means that in every section of the Dominion there is a practical man who will speak to incoming Jew and Gentile about the excellence of American agricultural machinery and the needed articles of the household. Canada in the nature of the case is an agricultural country; and as we produce more than sufficient grain to feed our own people, this country will for a long period export more products to Canada than will be imported from the Dominion. It is to the credit of the Canadians that they have cast aside the feeling engendered by the political jingoes and tariff tinkerers; and that they are willing to incline their ears to the persuasions of the American promoter and the American drummer. The fruits of this fertile land are so rich that it will be many years before a considerable portion of the Dominion will consent to engage in anything but farming. The way being prepared by the increasing exodus from the Northwest, the United States must continue to supply the machinery for farming and mining purposes, for the sawmills that are to cut the timber riches of British Columbia, the mining tools for the Cobalt and Lethbridge regions, and much of the machinery needed in the rapid development of the railroad facilities of the Dominion. Surely here is a market where the English tongue is spoken; where the Yankee monetary system is in effect employed; and where it is possible to overcome the prejudices of nationality by the intermingling of our own people as settlers upon the basis of common opportunity and the square deal for all men.

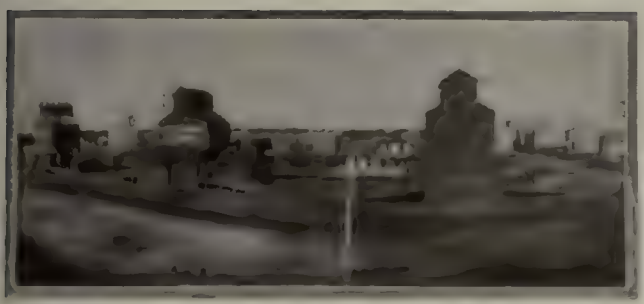
The Congress of the United States has joined with Secretary Root and a score Consuls in agreeing that steps should be taken to develop our steamship facilities to the end that we may capture a portion of the bountiful trade of South America and when that agreement is placed into effective legislation it will be an act of wisdom. Our magazine writers are pointing out the possibilities of the Orient, commending the wisdom of the late Secretary Hay in insisting upon the open door policy for the purposes of our commerce. Some are urging us to sell heavier machinery to the nations of Europe; others are pointing out that the day is at hand when we will enter into a conflict with England and Germany for the markets of the world. Let us cater to the trade of each and all, but we must not overlook the possibilities of stable markets at our very doors.

Do the American business men comprehend the possible development of Canada and the consequent growth of Yankee trading opportunities? Consider the opportunity in the light of the fact that only five million acres are now under cultivation in Western Canada, and that another one hundred and seventy-five millions await the plow and the reaper of the settlers from all nations. Last year the Dominion raised one hundred million bushels of wheat: experts declare that Canada, will produce eight hundred millions during some year of the present century. This means that Canada will become the granary not only of the British Empire, but of the world; that for every hundred bushels of wheat the farmers will want the heavier manufactured products of the United States, England and Germany in return. Out there on the prairies the men have large hopes, and they are willing to take great chances with eventual success in sight. Do you realize that the province of Alberta alone is two-and-one-half times the size of the British Isles and that it has a greater area than New England? There are more wheat lands in that province than in Minnesota and the Dakotas combined. Seventy-three per cent. of the population inhabiting Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and

British Columbia may be numbered as rural; forty years ago there were only eight thousand white men in that region, and to-day the population is a million souls. During the past twenty years Canada has invested a billion dollars in twenty-two thousand miles of railroads; even to-day an additional nine thousand miles are under construction North, South, East and West men have prepared and are preparing to take wheat from the fields of the Dominion to the hungry men of the European cities; they are in readiness to carry the timber to the markets of the world; and they know that the great North Country abounds in gold, silver, copper and nickel, and that beyond the Peace River where the Indian, the adventurer and the Hudson's Bay Company trapper still abide, coal and oil are indicated in abundance. Need we sneer, then, when Lord Strathcona declares that within another century the population of Canada will be as great as the present number of inhabitants in the United States? Do they not possess everything that makes for might and empire? And are they not bringing brawny, husky, vigorous men from Europe and the United States to work on land and in a climate that invigorates and exhilarates?

Three hundred thousand Americans, and four hundred millions of their Yankee dollars are interested and invested in Western Canada. First there is a settlement along the railroad or a convenient river; then comes an elevator in which to store the grain; churches and schoolhouses soon follow after the manner of the Pilgrim Fathers; and now backed by a country which will produce twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, the settlement develops from a town into a city. There is Winnipeg, for instance—wonderful and wealthy. Thirty-five years ago this city of land and grain offices was a military lamp-post from which the efforts to subdue the Indians and conquer incipient Riel rebellions were directed. To-day that city is the pivot of two transcontinental railroads with others approaching; the population of one hundred thousand is increasing at the rate of a thousand a month; and men call it the Chicago of Canada. Last year the building permits granted by the officials represented sixteen million dollars. Operations of that kind have converted the trail to the fortress into Main Street, the highway, one of the most cosmopolitan in the world, along which wander Yankee and Jew, men of Yorkshire and peasants of Russia, preparatory to being assigned to the one hundred and sixty acres of land to which they may obtain title by working six months of three successive years on the site desired. Winnipeg is the English and American jobbing center, the funnel through which the grain passes on the way to Port Arthur and Fort William. The city is sustained by a thousand mile strip of wheat lands, the assured commercial metropolis of the Northern Empire. Eight hundred miles from Edmonton, the Canadian Northern carries the tourist from Winnipeg to the capital of Alberta, the distributing center of the great North Country and the last town on the frontier. During the course of a score of years this trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company has passed from a settlement into a city with the characteristics of a metropolis. Then there is Calgary, that typical English city of the Newer World, which boasts of the best brewery in the Dominion and a three million acre fresh water irrigation plot adjacent. Vancouver already prides herself on having a harbor which is the haven for the flags and trading ships of all nations.

These harbors and this wheat, these fertile acres and those carrying ships; the growing cities of the Last West and their men of hope backed by brawn; this intermingling of the settlers of America with those of other nations in a land where the practical operation of the Mosaic law makes every man a proprietor—those are the things that make for commerce, brotherhood and Empire; those are the elements which constitute the American interests in Canada, and the Canadian interest in Americans.



Dauphin

By N. A. Myers

Commissioner Dauphin Board of Trade

LAST spring I went up over the Canadian Northern from Winnipeg. I traveled in a first-class car together with some thirty or forty settlers and business men of the new northern districts, and I was mightily interested in what I saw and heard.

Everyone was curious about the country. When the train pulled out of the yards and struck north across the open country everyone pressed his nose to the window-pane and sized up the land.

Just ahead of me an old timer was talking to a young fellow who had come up from Prince Edward's Island to settle in Alberta. He laughed indulgently.

"Every feller's looking out of the window," said he. "Every feller's tellin' somebody else this is the wheat country." This was true, and in that wheat country northward through the prairies of Manitoba, the first town of any size along the Canadian Northern Railway, is Dauphin. It is a city of about three thousand inhabitants, and is growing as every other city and town in all Western Canada is growing, rapidly, permanently and solidly. The Canadian Northern's lines from Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Carberry, Brandon and Neepawa from the southeast and southwest, converge here with the lines from Winnipegosis, Prince Albert and Edmonton from the north and west, and extensive improvements in their yards and works are now under consideration. Dauphin is the objective point of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Grand Trunk Pacific and Great Northern Railway, and it lies in the direct line of communication with Hudson's Bay when that route to Europe which is now acknowledged to be a necessity in the development of the resources of Western Canada and the Northwestern States, is an accomplished undertaking.

Dauphin is now the shipping point for about 1,000,000 bushels of grain and only a small portion of its rich agricultural land is yet under cultivation.

Dauphin has three chartered banks and many of the most prominent loan companies operating in the West have branches here, finding this district a profitable field for investment.

Dauphin is the headquarters of the great lumbering industry of Manitoba.

Dauphin is only nine miles from beautiful Lake Dauphin, and not far from the Duck Mountain foothills.

Dauphin has a large and well-conducted hospital, many substantial public buildings, an electric light system, up-to-date fire protection, and is pursuing a progressive policy of public improvements.

The soil of the Dauphin District is a rich black loam on a clay subsoil, and there has never been a crop failure. The average yield of the district has always been above the average for the province. As high as sixty-five bushels of wheat to the acre have been grown on a farm within three miles of the town of Dauphin.

Abundance of good water can be

obtained everywhere at a depth not exceeding twenty-five feet and very often at less than ten feet below the surface. The undulating valley lands are well watered by crystal streams rising in the Duck and Riding Mountain districts and emptying into Lakes Dauphin and Winnipegosis. In this extensive and fertile valley every prospect pleases and man's handiwork is turning thousands of acres of wild lands that have been covered with a network of peavine and vetches and a natural growth of nutritious grasses into fields of golden grain and, taking advantage of the natural charm of landscape, is dotting the country with beautiful homes giving practical indications of the abundant and profitable return for his industry.

The lumbering industries and sawmills that are within and adjacent to the district furnish a supply of building material at first cost and give employment to hundreds of men during the winter months.

The nearness to the mountains that are covered with spruce, tamarac, oak and poplar, solves the fuel problem for generations. The close proximity of the mountains, the great forests and the large bodies of water, regulate the rainfall and temper the climate so that summer frosts or droughts have never been known and the severity of the winter has been reduced to a very comfortable degree.

Dauphin is beautiful with the beauty of the rolling, timbered North, and fertile with the fertility of the treeless plains in southern Canada. It is busy and thriving, and is the pivotal and distributing point of a vast area.

A New City on the Big River

By S. Cookson

THEY tell a story of the smooth-handed Easterner from one of those little elm-shaded, century-old, live-forever New England towns, who came to a boom city in the West, and asked what the population was.

"Don't know yet," said the inhabitant. They'll post the morning returns outside the *Daily News* office in a few minutes."

The Easterner said nothing, but went for a walk around the town. When he came back, he spoke of progress of the city, and the number of new buildings going up.

"Are there?" said the inhabitant. "I haven't sized up the town for two days, and I don't know just what the boys are doing."

Anyone traveling along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway is constantly surprised at the growth of the towns where a little while ago was empty prairie.

Some of these are as yet no more than a siding and a rain-barrel and a dot on the map; others, like North Battleford, are busy and thriving little cities.

Two years ago North Battleford did not exist. To-day it has a population of twelve hundred. Two years ago the site of the town was merely a piece of Saskatchewan River bank just like any other piece of Saskatchewan River bank or hundreds of miles. To-day it shows the results of energy, industry and the investment o capital. To-day it offers promising rewards for the investment of more energy, industry and capital. To-day it is a city.

North Battleford numbers amongst its institutions an aggressive board of trade, and an agricultural society

with a membership of over two hundred and seventy. Recently made a customs port, the revenue in the first three weeks more than paid for the expenses of equipment and the salary for a year of the resident official in charge—a truly remarkable record.

The area immediately tributary to the town comprises a wide tract of excellent agricultural lands, offering unrivalled opportunities for grain growing, mixed farming, hog raising and ranching, of which less than one and a quarter per cent. was under cultivation in 1906, producing 500,000 bushels of wheat, oats, and other crops. Before the advent of the railway, the land, although well settled, had perforce to lie comparatively idle owing to the want of a market for the local produce. No sooner, however, had the Canadian Northern Railway built its line through the townsite and established it as a freight and passenger divisional point, than every feature peculiar to the district commenced to grow and develop. The farming industry advanced by leaps and bounds and an elevator was immediately erected to accommodate the grain output. Stores, warehouses and residences sprang up in rapid succession; two chartered banks opened up branches, quickly followed by a third; and fifteen months after its birth North Battleford was raised from the humble status of a village to the dignity of a town, boasting of all those characteristics which combine to mark the prosperous growing community, the grouping together of which would usually consume many years of strenuous work in the formative period of a town's life.

In the spring of 1906 the value of buildings and improvements alone in the town represented a capital outlay of $200,000. To-day that figure has risen to over $350,000, and the program for this year will carry the total to a sum estimated at $600,000. Six hundred thousand dollars' worth of buildings and improvements in a town just two years old. If one pauses to consider the importance of what that figure represents, there is no cause to wonder that its citizens are confident of the future and anticipate a steady growth and expansion of their uniquely situated town.

Included in this year's program of building operations are a grist mill and another elevator, an up-to-date public school, several cement-block stores and offices, a brick hotel, and a sand-lime brick manufactory. This last will be one of North Battleford's most valuable assets. The bricks will be made under a scientific process and will be fire-proof; the initial plant installed will have a capacity of 18,000 bricks per day, which will be ready to be handled by the builders twenty-four hours after the first process in the making. The manufacturers guarantee that the cost will not exceed fourteen dollars per thousand, f. o. b. North Battleford. Those who have purchased the lower grade bricks on the market, and paid the piper for them, will appreciate this *slight* decrease in cost, and also the probable fact that the building trade, in this quarter of the West at least, is liable to be revolutionized.

While private enterprise has been forging ahead, the town council too has been busy. A system of waterworks, sewerage and electric lighting is about to be installed at a cost of $100,000, tenders for which have been called and the debentures placed on the market. These improvements mean cheaper water and adequate fire protection, a reduction in fire insurance rates, effective lighting, and, last and most important, proper sanitation. Sidewalks have been built along the busier thoroughfares, fire fighting equipment purchased, and a fire hall and spacious council chamber erected.

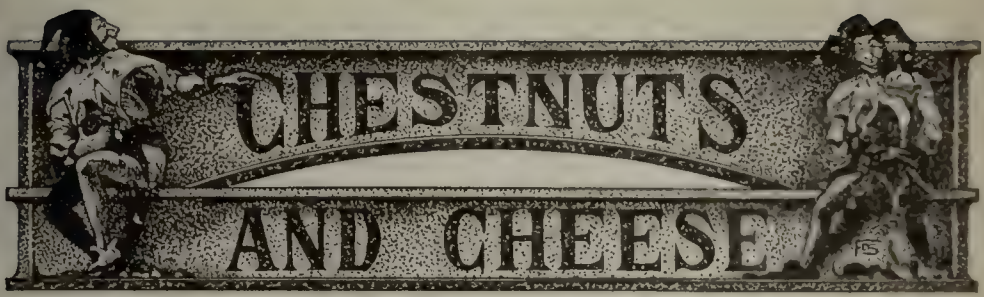
But there are other important factors working for the benefit of this town and promising fields for investment. The town is well situated on the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and a number of other railways are projected to this point, emphasizing the fact that North Battleford will undoubtedly become the cross road of the commercial highways of the North,

and an important industrial and distributing center. Already the Canadian Northern Railway monthly payroll at this point figures up to $10,000 and North Battleford pays into the coffers of the company for freight alone a large amount each month.

To the North there are extensive areas heavily timbered with spruce and tamarac, where the lumbering industry invities attention and development, and further North still, soon to be made more accessible by the building of a mail route to Ile la Cresse, lie the profitable fur-bearing regions, whose products are far from exhausted and which offer limitless scope to the enterprising and industrious Westerner.

On the outskirts of the area described as "immediately tributary to the town" are other large districts equal to any in the Saskatchewan Valley for agricultural purposes. Of these the Meeting Lake District is attracting the greatest share of attention, and a Dakota farmer located in that neighborhood describes the soil there as being "as rich as manure" and better than any he has seen in some of the best farming areas in the United States. The testimony of that aged son of toil is no empty eulogy.

There is no doubt that the town of North Battleford has an assured future. Not only does it occupy a natural strategic position, but its citizens are working together along progressive lines, and what nature has left unprovided they are determined to supply. Its past is a sure precursor of future development. Its business men are shrewd, progressive and fearless; all are alive to its endless possibilities. The hum of life is all around them. By day they work to the music of the saw and hammer, and at night the whistling, grinding freight trains are their lullaby.



HIS DIAGNOSIS

THEY tell about people spending forty years learning Japanese, and how there are thirty thousand characters in a Chinese printer's case, but the land agents up in the Doukhobor district who have to struggle with the names of the Russian peasants say they can give any missionary points.

A friend of one of the agents came in recently with a local paper to ask an opinion about a certain paragraph which had been badly pied and which read something like this:

fSisn& — 54hLP9)$'J fhetaoshrdlxya — ')$ — W'W&₹@?.Zvvdjh(%'' '' '' '' ?b

The agent scratched his head and read it all over again.

"I guess you've got me going-Looks like—no, it don't look like any. thing."

"Give it up?" asked the friend.

"Yep," said the agent. "I don't know whether it's where one of those Douks has been getting married, or just something Cy Warman said to the reporter."

HOW THEY DO IT IN KANSAS

A KANSAS man was telling stories with reference to the propensity of certain farmers to overstate the size of their wheat crops.

Once an elderly man in Topeka, engaged in the hardware business, was called upon by a farmer, who had given a skilfully padded account of his wheat harvest.

"You don't tell me!" was the polite rejoiner of the hardware man. "Well, I have been raising wheat this year myself."

"I didn't know that," said the farmer. I always supposed your interests were confined to the city. So you have a farm, eh? What do you raise?"

"Wheat—just wheat," was the reply

"Good crop this year?"

"Fine."

"How many bushels?"

"I don't know just how many bushels, my friend," replied the hardware man, in a slow, hesitating tone, calculated to impress every word upon his listener; "but it is a fact that my men stacked all they could outdoors and then stored the rest in the barn."

THE ENDLESS TOTTER

By C. L. Edson

IT totters in the evening,
It totters in the morn,
It totters in the seedtime
And when they reap the corn.

It totters in the daylight,
It totters in the gloom;
All the time it totters,
Totters to its doom.

It tottered in our young years,
While life was at its May;
It totters, totters, totters,
While our hair turns gray.

Ah, if perpetual motion
Upon this earth is known,
'Tis the everlasting totter
Of the white czar's throne.

AND THE ROOSTER SAT

THE Old-Timer was talking to the Lady from Toronto.

"It was up at Lloydminster," he began, "in the early days of the old Barr Colony, and Mrs. Algernon St. Clair started in to raise poultry.

"She bought a dozen Plymouth Rocks, and a setting of eggs, and a fine large Leghorn rooster—Leghorn, mind you—and went to work to make the hens set. She caught up everyone of the lot, but somehow none wanted to stay on the nest-box. Pretty soon Lewis Everett drove by on his way to town, and asked:

"'Having trouble with your hens?'

"Why yes,' said Mrs. St. Clair. "I can't make them set, don't you know.'

"'You're going about it wrong, said Everett. 'See that handsome chicken with the big red comb and the plumy tail-feathers? That's the setter.'

"Then he drove on, and Mrs. St. Clair spent her next two hours trying to make that rooster realize that his ultimate destiny was to set on those eggs.

"By and by Lew drove past on his way home, and saw her troubles.

"'Let me show you how we do it in Canada,' said he. 'You take an auger—so—and bore two holes in the bottom of the nest-box—so—and put the rooster's feet through the holes, tie 'em under the box—so—and now he'll set all right."

The Old Timer stopped to chuckle over the recollection of the outraged rooster. The Lady from Toronto waited.

"Hanged if she didn't keep him there for three weeks until a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came along and cut him loose."

The Lady from Toronto smiled serenely.

"Did you ever hear about the Boston woman who set her hens on hard-boiled eggs because she thought raw one's weren't sanitary?" she asked demurely.

AN EPITAPH FIFTY YEARS HENCE

IN a few years we shall read epitaphs like this:

Here Lies
John Pittsburg Skibo Smith,
Who Was Born in a
Carnegie Town,
Educated in a
Carnegie Institute,
Studied in a
Carnegie Library.
At the Age of 30 He Became a
Carnegie Hero,
And Has Now Gone to Be With
Carnegie.

A PAGE FROM BROWNING

By Margaret George

IN mute amaze I've watched a maid
For half an hour or more,
While she, with open book in hand,
Above one page doth pore.

Full well I know she scorneth books,
Herself hath told me so;
Yet o'er a volume Browning writ,
Her blonde head bendeth low.

What verse hath so enchained her thought?
I peep behind the cover:
'Tis the fly-leaf she doth peruse:
"To Gladys,
from
Her Lover."

PUT A PRICE ON THE CORK

A MINER rode into Fernie with dyspepsia one day, consulted a doctor, and took his prescription to our druggist friend to be made up.

"Well, how much?" said the miner, when the prescription was finished.

"Let's see," said the druggist. "It's $1.10 for the medicine and 15 cents for the bottle. That makes—"

He hesitated, afraid he might have forgotten something, and the miner said impatiently:

"Well, hurry up, boss. Put a price on the cork ,and let us know the worst."

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

THE REMITTANCE MAN

THE so called "remittance man" has become almost a stock joke in the hands of frivolous paragraphers in the American press, and even among writers who should know better. Take a scare-crow, decorate it with a monocle, make it say "Bah Jove!" and drink Scotch, and you have the receipt for "a Britisher" most popular among such hack writers who never have seen an Englishman in their lives. It was a jest to begin with, but the jest is somewhat too threadbare and too unkindly to be of worth.

Recently, under the head "The Remittance Man Out West" the following letter appeared in the *Toronto Saturday Night*, and it is so good that we reprint it in full.

LANCASTER, PA., JUNE 1, '07.

Editor Saturday Night: Knowing your journal to reach the best elements in Canada, I desire to address a few remarks to them on the subject of those "remittance men" made fun of by "smart" writers on some of the press, re-echoed in the United States, re-echoed back into Canada with embellishments, and so it goes on in a fashion ridiculous to those who are acquainted with the truth of the past of Canada and its pioneer days.

Remittance men, so-called, are to-day in the Northwest, Alberta and British Columbia, the rich and influential men of the country. They are usually the rich ranchers we read about, having interests too in banking and mercantile business of that immense region. They are the people who helped to show the East what Canada was capable of as a world's astonisher!

If writers of the American press choose to make fun of such people, I don't care one cent, but I hate to see an Ontario editor making an ass of himself by doing the same thing. He writes of what he knows not, and perhaps this accounts partly for the feeling of the Western man that he does not love any too well the man of the East. This is undeniable, I am sorry to say. Personally, I was a resident for many years out there, and think I know whereof I write, and as I am of an imperialistic turn of mind, would like to see it changed for the better.

American writers on writing of the great Northwest dwell upon the differences of Eastern and Western opinion, of course under the impression that the West may some day want to go into the Republic. I believe the day is a long way off, as there exists there, as in Ontario, an intensely loyal element. Yours truly,

I. E. HALTON.

Canadians, East or West, are loyal to the Crown, and talk of annexation is as senseless as the idea of annexing the United States to Canada would be to any native son of Yankeeland. A good Canadian is a loyal Canadian and we are glad to see Canada's imperialistic spirit stated so emphatically and so clearly. A straight-from-the-

shoulder expression of patriotism like this is worth much to any country.

TWO ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR OF THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

MR. Karl E. Harriman is the editor of two good fiction magazines, the *Red Book* and the *Blue Book*. The *Red Book* has a greater monthly circulation than any other all-fiction magazine published in the United States and is the most important periodical of its kind on the Continent. Mr. Harriman, also, is the author of four successful books. As we write this he is on his way to Canada with the intention of "locating" his next book in one of our three Western Provinces.

Mr. Harriman admits that he is filled with anticipations. At first he wouldn't tell whether these anticipations were of grizzly bears or fifty-five bushel wheat growing in the streets of Winnipeg, but finally he became less reticent. In this number he unbosoms himself of his anticipations for the benefit of our readers and in the next number, when he has been through Canada from Winnipeg to Vancouver, he is going to write of what he really found.

We really don't know whether the "before-taking" article in this issue will prove to be better than the "after-taking" story in the October number—but we know Canada and we have our own opinions. What do you think about it?

A NEW POET

IT is no small thing to discover a new poet. The fairy gift of rhyming is not given to many, the ear for word-music is sadly rare. But we had an opportunity recently to browse through Miss Dorothy Green's notebooks, and we found much that is worth while, and much that gives promise for the future. From time to time in THE CANADA WEST her verse will appear, and we commend it to our readers.

SOME GOOD THINGS DEFERRED

Press of matter on our columns forces us to defer publication of an interesting article "Concerning Kissing," which was written by Miss Agnes Campbell Purves shortly before she died, and which we announced in our last number. It will appear in the next issue of THE CANADA WEST.

We are also withholding, for the present, a fascinating little story by Miss Grace Benson of Winnipeg. It is a story of a hunter and his dogs that will appeal to every lover of sport—to every man who has ever set off for a day's shooting with spring in his heels and happiness in his heart. This, too, will be published next month.

TOO GOOD TO KEEP

MR. Forrest Crissey of the *Saturday Evening Post*, whose articles on rural life, "Back to the Soil" and "Petticoat Pioneering," have been featured in THE CANADA WEST recently, has given us two pieces of fiction which are among the good things in store for our readers. He also will contribute articles and sketches to the magazine from time to time.

Mr. Crissey is enthusiastic on the subject of farming, but he came into Chicago the other day from his country place with a new angle on his stock-raising industry, which officially has nothing to do with this department, but is a story too good to keep.

It was a hot July morning about two weeks ago, and Mr. Crissey was due to write an article about the "Tenden-

cies of Wall Street,'' or something equally seriously-minded.

Wall Street was bad enough under any conditions, but Wall Street on a hot July morning in a hotter Chicago office was worse. So Mr. Crissey decided not to go to town. He folded up his suburban time-card, took off his coat, and went down to the shade of a big elm beside the Fox River which flows past the foot of the lawn, on his Lake Geneva farm. He carried a plump cushion and some sheets of blank paper.

That was all very good. The article began to fill up the sheets. Mr. Crissey inhaled the cool breeze off the river, pulled his sombrero over his eyes and congratulated himself on his forethought. But he reckoned without Amelia.

Amelia is young and frolicsome and inquisitive, and has a pedigree as long as the sea-serpent in the middle of August embodied in her cream-colored coat, soft eyes and white-ringed muzzle. She gamboled about in the middle distance, emitting soprano bleats for a little while, as behooves an aristocratic Guernsey calf, and Mr. Crissey thought no more about her. At least he thought no more about her until with one whisk of her rough tongue she swept the sombrero from Mr. Crissey's unsuspecting head, and pranced away, ears and tail waving, to enjoy her impromptu lunch.

Now Mr. Crissey is not so young nor so slim as he once was, but he gave chase manfully in that sunny field while Amelia coquetted with his Stetson. By the time he returned to his tree he was warm, and he seated himself on that hat with an expressive glance at the bossy who reached around herself and ate a fly with airy grace.

Inspiration began to come once more, and the pages increased beside him. Amelia was forgotten. Perhaps she felt lonely—perhaps penitent—but at any rate she leaned confidingly over Mr. Crissey's blue shoulder and caressed him fondly, wrapping six inches of a scratchy tongue around his right ear, and tucking the end of it neatly down his collar. A second time Mr. Crissey arose, and gently dissuaded the young lady from her confidential attitude, whereupon she heaved a weary sigh, dropped on her knees, and lay down at his feet, preparing to take a nap.

That was poetic enough and Mr. Crissey permitted it. He even had several lyric thoughts about the contrast between his facts-and-figures Wall Street story and the pretty little Guernsey lying among the grasses beside him. He left the financial article lying idly on the grass and began dreaming out a country idyl with Amelia as a heroine. Perhaps he shut his eyes to see the land of La Jeunesse more clearly, or who knows but that Robin Goodfellow touched his eyes with poppy-juice. At any rate, when he opened them again Amelia was on her slender legs, with the last pages of ''Tendencies of Wall Street'' sticking out of the corner of her pretty mouth, and an air of complete satisfaction on her countenance.

''No!'' insisted Mr. Crissey, telling the story, ''I did not name Amelia. It was one of the exigencies of her pedigree that she wear that title. But I would be willing to wager something handsome that her original owner was an atheist, a misogynist and a bachelor by choice. And if I had many more mornings in her society I believe I should be tempted to join him.''

But to come again to business: those of our readers who enjoyed Mr. Crissey's excellent article "Getting Back to the Soil" in our May issue will be glad to know that we have just secured from him a story entitled "After Seven Years." Mr. Crissey's fiction is well-known among readers of American magazines, and we count ourselves especially fortunate in having this piece of his work in view for one of the coming numbers of THE CANADA WEST.

It is the story of a young shipbuilder's apprentice in a little Scandinavian town who woos and wins the daughter of the representative of the Crown, who is of higher rank than himself. He comes to Canada to carve out a fortune for himself and his sweetheart. After seven years she follows him, and the plot of the tale turns on how he succeeds—and fails. It will hold your attention to the end.

TWO STORIES BY MR. HOWARD

IN the next number of THE CANADA WEST will appears "Mister Peters of the Bar-L" by Mr. Percy S. Howard, and those of our readers who enjoyed this fresh and vigorous story of cowboy life will be glad to hear that another sketch by the same author will follow in the October issue. As they are characteristic of a large part of the West, these stories will interest anyone who has ever spent time on a cattle ranch, and the author's intimate acquaintance with the types of which he writes gives the touch of reality which is their charm.

AND OTHERS AND OTHERS

THERE will be a number of good stories this coming month, among them "The Tenderfoot" by N. Dickie of Carberry, which strikes a new note in the repertoire of cowboy situations. The story is sad, perhaps, but still it ends in the dear old happy-ever-after way you like best. There is enough sorrow and grayness and weariness in the world without the Ibsen variety of tales where the web of life works out from black to blacker, remorselessly weaving a hopeless skein. There will be some new verse and sketches, another instalment of "By Hill and Dale in Manitoba," a continuation of Miss Hind's "A Paternal Corporation," new chapters of "The Furnace"—and by the way, how do you begin to like "The Furnace" by this time? It seems to us a story quite worthy of the author of the book which *The Critic* pronounced "the long-looked for great American Novel." All in all, the September CANADA WEST will be just as good as its predecessors, and perhaps a little better—we never have had a copy yet that we thought could not be improved upon, and we hope we never shall.

The Editor.

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The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

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The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

Cities and districts of Western Canada have been and are invited to use these columns in making known to the outside world the special inducements they have to offer to capital and labor. Communications to insure publication must be terse, true, and above all, practical. They will be published without cost, not as advertisements but as editorial information.—EDITOR.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers. easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities.

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories,and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

SHEHO, SASKATCHEWAN.

Sheho, which means "Prairie Chicken" in Cree, is situated about 350 miles northwest of Winnipeg at the end of the Yorkton branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is sometimes referred to in song and story as "Track's End." While very little advertising is being done for this part of Saskatchewan, those who have had the privilege of looking over the different parts declare it to be fine "all-round" country. For many miles in all directions it is a mixture of timber, prairies, streams and lakes. Sheho is a thriving village, in the center of this district, draws trade from a long distance in all directions, and has good openings for a grist and feed mill, and for a newspaper.